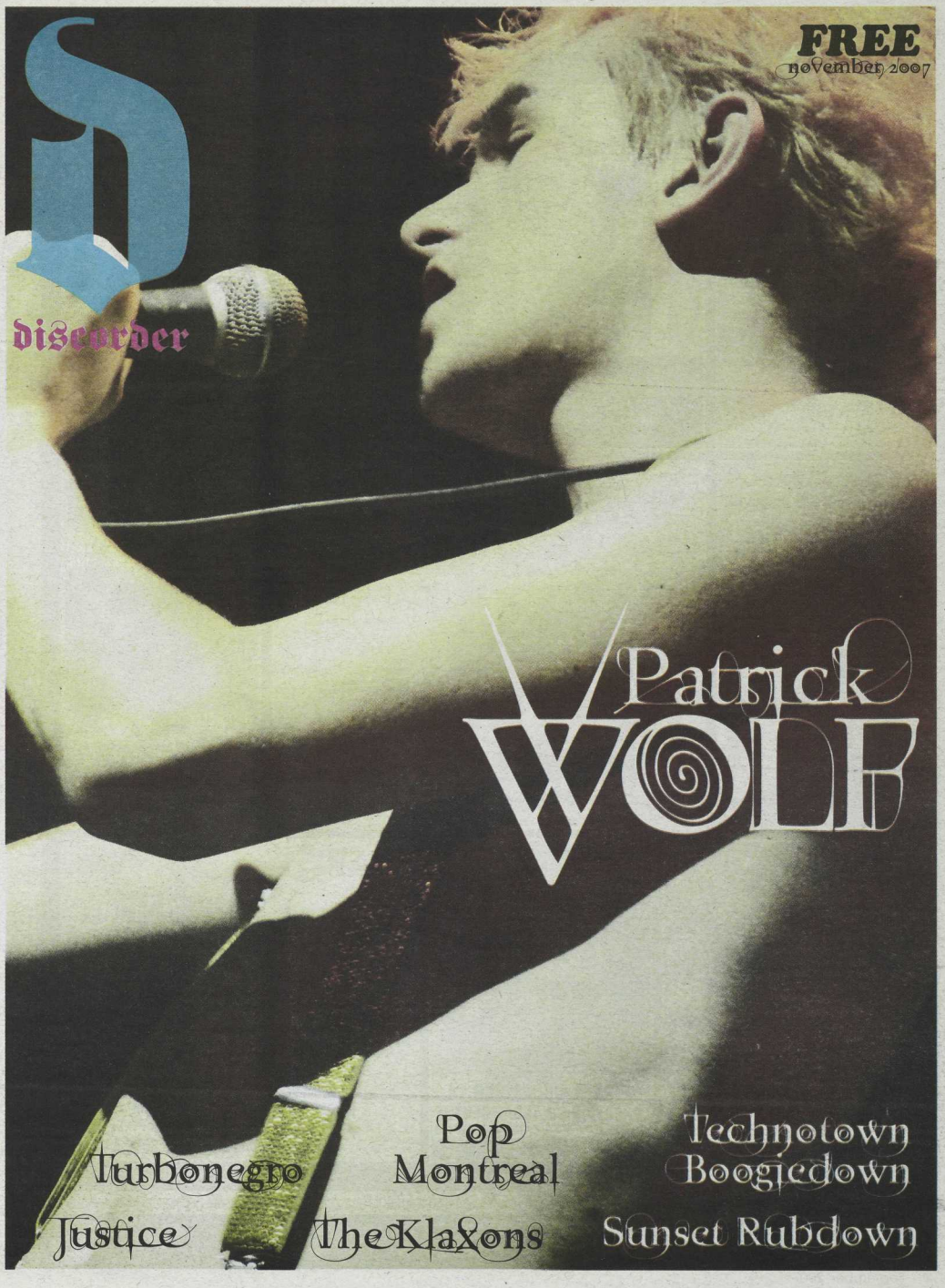
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editor's note

Change is a funny thing. With it comes the good, the bad and the unexpected. Like a fancy camera, change can leave a picture out of focus until long after the adjustment occurs. Here at Discorder Magazine we've been through much change in the last month and it's left us all in a bit of disarray. But as history would show, some of the finest art is produced from a time of slight chaos, and we can all expect this to be the case here at the mag.

First off, I'd like to introduce myself, Nat Jay, as the new editor of Discorder. In a flurry of phone calls and meetings, I found myself putting the final touches on an issue that our former editor, Mike "Spike" Chilton had conceived. With a degree in Music and French Language from UBC, I am definitely happy to be back on campus after a few years. Fresh from the Capilano College Magazine Publishing Program, and as a singer/songwriter and advocate of the local music industry, I am also excited to take on the challenge of heading up the only magazine in Vancouver that really supports local and independent music.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Spike for all of his contributions to this publication. In the short time that he was here, he achieved some significant goals in advancing Discorder. He also left me in the capable hands of a very talented staff, including Cole Johnston, our fabulously creative art director, and Pyra Draculea, our new and extremely organized production manager, who fills the position with years of experience at both Discorder and CiTR 101.9fm behind her.

Speaking of change, expect quite a few changes to the pages of Discorder over the next few months. With any new editor comes a new vision for a publication. Though the complete reinvention won't be in full force until 2008, we guarantee it will blow your mind.

In November's issue, we've got one notable change. Discorder was approached by Vancouver's Rogue Folk Club about having a column dedicated to the genre. With the popularity of folk music in Vancouver and one of the best folk festivals in the world, this made absolute sense. And so marks the beginning of What the Folk?, this month written by Keona Hammond of the RFC and focused on the philanthropic SONiA Rutstein and her band Disappear Fear on page 6.

Also this month, you'll see the return of Copyfight! with Greg McMullen, who gives us the low-down on the latest copyright news (p. 11). On the cover, British pop sensation Patrick Wolf visited Vancouver, as accounted by Maxwell Maxwell (p. 8). Other features include part one of a trip to Pop Montreal (p. 5), and a look into Technotown Boogiedown and the emergence of the local underground dance and electronic music scene (p.9).

Look for an exciting year-end issue coming your way next month, as we've already started planning our December/January issue. We'll take a look back at this year in local and independent music and throw a few more changes your way. And don't worry, Discorder—as a little birdie once sang—"A change would do you good."

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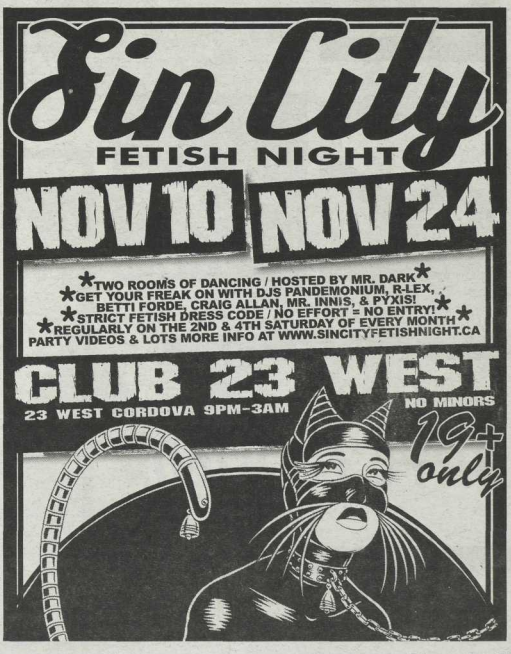


RIFF RAFF

by BRYCE DUNN

Ready for another foray into the world of wax?

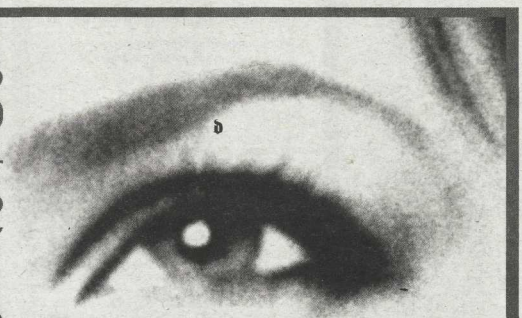
First up, my good friends Dale and Tim passed along their newest inductee into the La-Ti- Da Records family, **Ape City R&B**. The two-man tornado of talent set my clear orange copy of its latest musical offering ablaze with the aptly named "Firestarter." This was not a cover of that awful spiky-haired English fella's electro-skronk hit from a few years back, but instead a rollicking blues-punk ditty with scratchy vocals and an equally scratchy guitar. The flip "Wot I Say" chugs along the same path, but just as volatile. Two-man bands are not dead--they just need a spark to light the match, and these guys do it right. (La-Ti-Da Records, www.latidarecords.com or myspace.com/latidarecords.)

Garage pop sensibilities abound in our next two outings from **Muck & The Mires** out of Beantown, U.S.A. and **the Bishops** from a ferry trip across the Mersey. The Mucks marry **Dave Clark Five** harmonies with Ramones-like riffage and the results are three tracks ("All I Really Wanna Do Is Cry" being the standout) plucked from their 2004 album *Beginner's Muck* for the benefit of the international jet set. Catchy, dancey and altogether fun. (Dirty Water Records, www.dirtywaterrecords.co.uk). The Bishops deliver two cuts of **Gerry & The Pacemakers**-style stomp, channeled through the trademark Medway Sound (thanks to Toe Rag Studios and head honcho **Liam Watson**, mastermind behind most of **the Headcoats'** recordings and their family of rock'n'roll heathens). "Breakaway" starts with a furiously fuzzed-out guitar lick and ample jungle drums supplying the back beat, straying only briefly for a spell that quickly whips back into the main lead. "House In The Desert" really kicks the vocals into overdrive with its nifty staccato-like drumming, like **the Gentrys** butting heads with **the Greenhornes**. Gotta check out their full length. (1-2-3-4 Records, www.1234records.com).

Finally, the four local ladies of **White Lung** smack us upside the head with their debut EP, and leave us dizzy with their post-punk snarl. Singer Mish's sexy growl conjures up a young **Jade Blade** or **Penelope Houston**, while guitarist Natasha slices and chops her way through tracks like "Amy White Out." Bassist Grady and drummer Anne-Marie (also of **the Riff Randells**) lock in an airtight rhythm strike that makes listeners want to dance, particularly on the cut "Breaking Boxes." Think of a perfect blend between **Mika Miko** and **the Bags**. These gals have hit the ground running and definitely impress. (Hockey Dad Records, 4150 Brant St., Vancouver B.C. Canada V5N 5B4 or myspace.com/hockeydadrecords).

Thanks for your time and this boy is outta here!

Pyra Draculea Photography
6046719516



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POP Montreal

PART ONE

by Ben Lai

Ever since it's creation in 2002, Pop Montreal has been growing steadily both in terms of size and reputation. I had a great time two years ago at this annual music festival, and I was lucky enough to visit it once again this year. With over 300 bands to check out, there is much to do and see.

Arriving Wednesday in Montreal, I decided to skip out on the big buzz shows and instead spent my first night at the Burnt Oak Records showcase at Balattou. Burnt Oak Records is a grassroots independent label based out of Guelph, Ont., and they have many notable recent releases. The first band I saw was Griffin and the True Believers, a mellow folk-rock band featuring members from New York and Toronto. They had some crafty tunes and were generally enjoyable. The next band, Green Go, was definitely one of the highlights of my festival experience. The band consists of five young musicians doing that disco synth/dance punk thing—a trend that is becoming more prevalent in Vancouver right now. Catchy boy/girl vocals, completely unpretentious and having a total blast on stage—with all this I couldn't help but love their energy. Brides, another band from Guelph, came up next. It seemed that most of the crowd was there to see this group, and Brides did not disappoint. They were loud and artsy and they rocked. I admired their effort to try something new, but found the continuous saxophone parts a bit tiresome. The last act was folk singer Richard Laviolette, also from Guelph. Unfortunately, Laviolette was cheated by his label, which placed him after two energetic bands. The set was mostly forgettable, but it wasn't his fault.

Thursday started with at O Patro Vys to catch Girl Nobody. I shared a flight with the Vancouver band on my way to Montreal, and I was curious to see how these guys (and gal) would fare out east. A good crowd showed up for the show and, despite some initial sound difficulties, Girl Nobody pulled off a surreal and dreamy set. I then walked a few blocks down the street to Club Lambi, and managed to arrive just before the Luyas got on stage. This Montreal three-piece "super group" is composed of members of Belle Orchestre, Torngat and Miracle Fortress. But even with the positive press they've been getting, the crowds didn't show up for this one, and this band deserved some attention. The French horn in the mix didn't appear gimmicky, but rather matched well with the Luyas' dark, haunting sound and the high-pitched child-like vocals of their singer. I then ventured to Bruce Peninsula, whose shtick is to have as many people on stage as possible. At times, the band sounded like a big folk-rock band, but ultimately it wasn't captivating as the songs blended into one another. At least Bruce Peninsula relinquished itself somewhat by showing some visual creativity and lighting the stage with an overhead projector displaying various pieces of art. I ended my night with Philadelphia's Man Man at La Sala Rossa, who definitely gave it all at that show and was a ton of fun to watch.

And that's two nights out of my five nights of adventure. More next month!

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WTF?

What the Folk?

WORDS BY KEONA HAMMOND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIARRA SPENST

Welcome to the first folk column, this month brought to you by the Rogue Folk Club. Who knew that after years of trying to get coverage for an always underappreciated, often misunderstood form of music, all you had to do was ask?

November is always a huge month for music in this city. At our little folk club alone, we've got seven concerts, two workshops and about 30 musicians. I couldn't decide who to write about until I spent this afternoon stuck in traffic listening to the news. I'm pretty sure that someone who makes the world better instead of worse is definitely worth talking about.

SONiA Rutstein and her band Disappear Fear started their musical journey 20 years ago. Throughout those years, they have continuously confronted the hypocrisy and apathy of our culture with a message of openness and optimism. "When you make fear disappear between people, what you have is love. It empowers me to do what I do," SONiA says.

SONiA's lyrics are political, impassioned, honest, celebratory, positive and full of intention. And in today's world, that's really something. Her new album, *Tango*, is a beautiful piece of work featuring 13 songs sung in Spanish, Hebrew, Arabic and English. Its Latin and Middle Eastern rhythms and instrumentation are a departure for the singer, but a perfect backdrop for her pure voice and moving lyrics.

The original plan for *Tango* was an entirely Spanish album—SONiA says she's always loved Latin music and has included one or two songs with a Latin feel and occasional verses in Spanish on previous albums—but the concept morphed following an inspiring trip to the Middle East last summer. During her trip, the artist spent time in both 'miklats' (bomb shelters) in Israel and Palestinian villages and camps. "My experience last summer, while in Northern Israel and the West Bank was the big thing that shaped the making of this CD. The world is in major conflict, with all eyes focused on the Middle East, and I wanted to share my experience of being in a war, armed with a guitar, rather than a rocket launcher. Music speaks from the heart, and that is where peace lives," she says.

SONiA plays the St. James Hall on Saturday, Nov. 17. Check her out – you won't be disappointed and you'll definitely be inspired. For a sneak peak, downloads are available at www.disappearfear.com with 18 per cent of the proceeds going to the United Nations World Food Project.

Another show to check out:

Irish fiddler Liz Carroll and guitarist John Doyle bring the excitement and grace of Celtic music to St. James Hall on Nov. 18.

Both concerts are at the St. James Hall at 3214 W. 10th Ave. in Kitsilano. Tickets are available at Highlife Records, Rufus' Guitar Shop or online at www.roguefolk.bc.ca. Call 604-736-3022 for more information.

SUNSET RUBDOWN

BY GREG McMULLEN

"We want to see UFOs and we want to see ghosts," Sunset Rubdown guitarist Michael Doerksen says from a cellphone somewhere in the desert between Tucson, Arizona, and Los Angeles. He pauses, interrupted by a burst of static as the signal struggles to reach the cellular tower, "But nothing has happened yet."

The night before, Doerksen, Camilla Wynn Ingr, Jordan Robson-Cramer and Spencer Krug played a "pretty wild show" in Tucson, and then retired to a hotel that claimed to have once hosted the notorious bank robber, John (Jackrabbit) Dillinger, before he was killed in 1934. "We've been staying at a few haunted hotels, which is pretty neat. We went to New Orleans on a day off, and we stayed at the original House of the Rising Sun. No one got visited by a ghost or anything." The desert offered its own brand of oddities: "We passed this roadside attraction—a mummy that someone found in the desert. Apparently [the owner] has Hitler's car there, too. Kinda weird."

But Sunset Rubdown's pursuit of the bizarre, the supernatural and the macabre is not just limited to the road. It also finds its way into their music. In recording their October release, *Random Spirit Lover*, the band worked together in the studio to turn Krug's songs into the fully developed spookiness found on the album. "There was a lot of talk of horror movies, especially when we were recording 'Colt (Stands Up, Grows Horns)'" Doerksen says. "[On the album], we just wanted to explore a lot of extremities, from really baroque compositions and arrangements to something really ridiculous and simple."

Sunset Rubdown began as Krug's solo project. Other musicians, it seemed, were invited to fill in the gaps. However, on *Random Spirit Lover*, the other band members stepped forward for a more collaborative approach. "Spencer would write a piano piece or a guitar piece. He has most of the music, like the chord-by-chord structure for the record, set up in his mind, and we collaborated a lot. We had more time on this record to work together on the sounds we wanted to get. Sometimes one of us would kind of be left alone in the studio and just come up with something to layer over top of what other people are doing."

In the end, Sunset Rubdown was left with its most dense and complex work to date—a far cry from the group's simple, stripped-down origins. However, this kind of intricacy can't always be easily translated into a live performance. "We're still wrapping our heads around this record. It wasn't recorded live. We wrote maybe half of it before we got to the studio and the rest in the studio. So, there are songs we don't even know how to play live, songs we don't plan on playing at all." Despite the difficulty in performing the lush arrangements, Doerksen says that crowds are responding well to the new material. "It's been mostly positive and pretty exciting. They like the new material. They're still calling out for some old songs, but we're not playing too much old stuff."

While Spencer Krug's celebrity originally evolved from his success with Wolf Parade and, to a lesser extent, his involvement with Frog Eyes, the members of Sunset Rubdown hope that their team effort on *Random Spirit Lover* will shift the music industry's focus onto their latest project. "Most of the things that get printed about us are identical in some way," Doerksen noted. "They don't seem to want to have a different story about us being a band. I mean, we're all musicians in other bands. We're all pals, and we're all doing stuff, and we're all pretty productive."

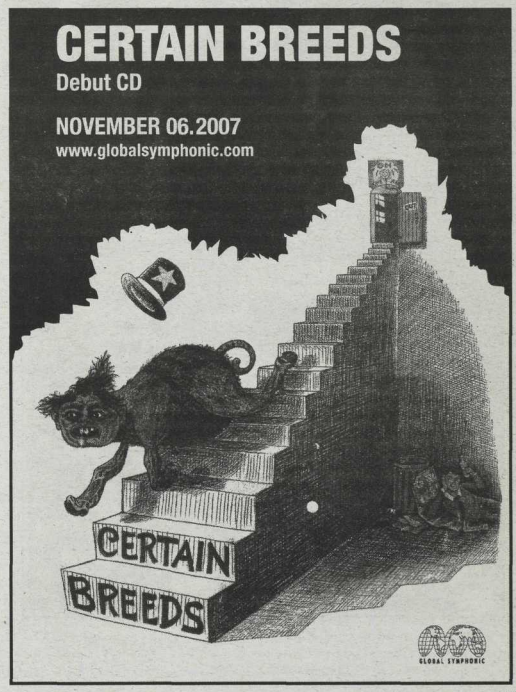
While the music community that has developed from these friendships is Montreal-based, Doerksen explains that many of its members originate from British Columbia. "There's this community that kind of crossed Canada into Montreal, so many of us came over the in a period of a few years. We transplanted a good portion of the Victoria music scene—the underground hardcore scene that was flourishing in the '90s." The band was excited to be back in western Canada, visiting family and friends in Victoria, Kelowna, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver during the tour. "It's a homecoming for us. We don't get to come out here very often so it's kind of a special opportunity for us."

Aside from ghost hunting and visiting friends and family, Doerksen says the touring schedule is pretty tight. "We're trying to take advantage of the sights we can see on the road, 'cause we don't always get to travel like this. We try to plan our days ahead and make it to towns on time so we can check out some sights, but it's not really always like that. Most of it's just drive, unload, soundcheck, hang out, play the show, go to the hotel." In November, the band will be back east for a few U.S. stops, finishing with another Daytrotter session before going back to Montreal.

Doerksen was vague about plans once the band returns to Montreal. "We haven't thought too much about the next record. There's talk of an EP, and I think it will be less rock oriented. I think there might be some horns involved. There's a variety of musical backgrounds in this band."

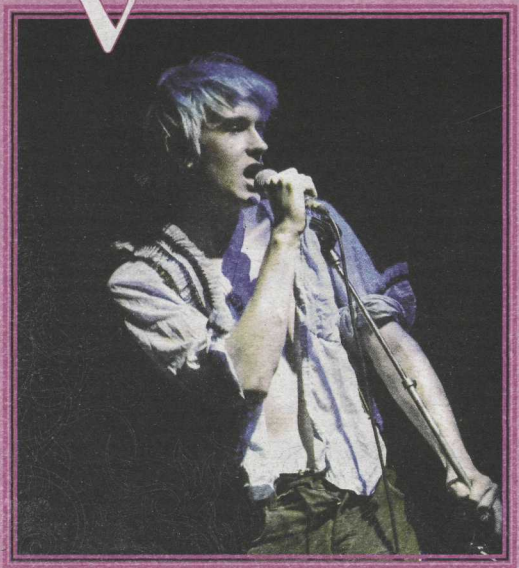
In addition to the EP, Doerksen said the band would be eager to work on a film project in the future. "We've said no to music videos so far, but we are interested in cinema or composition for a soundtrack. That's something we've talked about, and I think it's in Spencer's nature, coming from a classical background mixed with an interest in rock music. Cinema, classical music and opera are all very narrative-based and take you on a journey, and that's the groundwork for our music."

Though their plans may be up in the air, it's clear that the members of Sunset Rubdown will keep hunting down the uncanny oddities of their surroundings and converting them into musical form.



Patrick WOLF

words and images by MAXWELL MAXWELL



Although he's four years older than me, Patrick Wolf seems really, really young. This is especially evident after the show, when I'm backstage with him, trying to get him to draw something for Discorder.

"Anything," I insist. "Thirty seconds. It would be neat." He's too busy packing his suitcase. Lamé, corduroy, satin—enough weird, faded, old clothes, men's and women's alike, are stuffed in it to start a moderately successful Main Street vintage boutique. He pauses and takes a sip from a bottle of Smirnoff. You'd think he could afford to drink something better: after all, his new CD, *The Magic Position*, has hit #42 back home in the UK, he's been on TV shows from Charlotte Church to Jimmy Kimmel, and he is, for whatever reason, one of the new faces of fashion giant Burberry's fall collection. By the enthusiastic reaction he's just received from the sold-out crowd of dubiously-legal scenesters gathered at the Plaza (half of Vancouver's fake IDs must have been in the crowd tonight), it won't be long before he's swimming in Grey Goose.

The show itself was excellent. Wolf began with a flair for the dramatic: after opening act and fellow Brit, Bishi, left the stage, his band set up on stage without him (acoustic bass, laptop geek, drummer and violinist). The lights dimmed, and as the band struck up a tune somewhere between a Gypsy funeral dirge and an orchestral Interpol cover, Patrick sprung onto the stage in an elaborate gold and white marching band jacket with wild bottle-blond hair and ragged shorts. The crowd went absolutely mad and he eventually had to stop playing and ask the audience to stop taking flash photography. "It's like singing into a strobe light," he complained (although, he didn't seem bothered by doing literally that a few songs later!) The people in the audience next to me found this unfair, especially considering that they'd paid for a ticket to get in and the strobe light had not.

The Magic Position's intricate and eccentric instrumentation—one of its many charms—was at times sacrificed to the necessities of live performance by a five-person band. One of Wolf's bandmates substituted some of the instrumentation using samples, but it wasn't the same. A real glockenspiel would have been fantastic. At least the sparse arrangements let Wolf's older material shine, when it might have otherwise been overshadowed by songs from the new album—"The Libertine," in particular, came off extremely well.

As the evening progressed and Wolf switched instruments like a child with his toys, and the audience went progressively apeshit for what was almost a perfect show. Highlights included a flawless rendition of "Bluebells," complete with sampled fireworks for percussion, an impressive (if slightly spasmodic) punk-rock moment with a ukelele and the slick electronica of "Accident & Emergency." The concert lost some of its momentum during "Magpie," a duet from *The Magic Position*, due to the absence of the sublime Marianne Faithfull (who sang on the record) and her sub-par replacement, Bishi. In an amusing little "fuck you" to his opening act, Wolf used a sample from Marianne Faithfull to open the song instead of having Bishi sing the whole thing.

It was an early night—probably a good thing, since most of the audience had curfews—and the management had to tell Wolf his set was just about over. Slightly panicked, he told the audience to pretend he'd left the stage and returned, so he could fit in his encore. The crowd happily obliged.

Back in his dressing room, after the last underage scenester has left the building and the usual Granville Street crowd has massed at the doors for the usual club night, I'm very much aware that the five minutes I've been promised with Wolf is running out quickly. I can't get him to draw something, so I ask for a haiku—shockingly, he doesn't know what that is. After some explanation, he grudgingly volunteers, "haiku is a re/striction for English majors/obsessed with Japan." I'm pretty sure he cheated by chopping up one of the words, but am impressed he figured out I was an English major.

As my time elapses, I pepper him with a few more odd little questions. I should probably do some kind of real journalism: ask him about the record he's working on, or about his mistaken arrest for jewel thievery a while back, or even about politics or sexuality. Instead, I learn that all his makeup is from MAC, he generally has strawberry jam on his toast, but occasionally tempts fate with Marmite and he isn't a huge drug user. My five minutes are up. Before the mean-looking tour manager can find me, I give Wolf a hug, tell him I like his music, and wish him good luck before heading out into the night, to somewhere I can drink and dance the night away without the fear of adorably British pop stars forcing my Grinchy heart to grow three sizes.

Techno Town Boogie Down

BY SIMON FOREMAN

On one Thursday of every month, something amazing happens at the Royal Unicorn Cabaret. It is an event that gathers disparate performers from the farthest corners and deepest hideaways of Vancouver's music community, and brings together underground dance and electronic artists with an inquisitive public for an evening of good times and great tunes. It is something new, and it is truly something special. Recently, I was able to sit down with its two organizers to discuss the phenomenon that is Technotown Boogiedown.

Like many great initiatives, this project came together by happenstance. Tom Whalen and Aaron Leaf met many months ago at a Ninja High School gig, and the Toronto rap group's positive energy acted as a catalyst for what would become a lasting friendship. Whalen already had quite a musical history, having played with the Greenbelt Collective and gypsy-punkers Caravan, as well as composing his own material under the name gr8-2000. Leaf had done little more than fooling around with a computer and keyboard. Nonetheless, the two kept in contact and eventually decided to organize a concert together, with a "keep it cheap, keep it fun" mentality. And so Technotown Boogiedown came into existence, with the Unicorn providing a venue.

What began as a one-off event has turned into a monthly showcase for talent and innovation in local electronic music. At September's event, Whalen delivered a laptop set that remixed much of his lo-fi gr8-2000 songs into big-bass, funky numbers, while Leaf, under the moniker Swords of Righteousness Brigade, combined snaking basslines and lo-fi drum effects, with decidedly retro keyboard sounds to make some seriously distinctive music. Capping things off were the sweaty, sultry mash-ups and samples of Sex Attack, drawing on everything from neon-spandex 80's pop hits to Ed Banger and Daft Punk, fuelling a dancing frenzy that carried the evening to its conclusion. October presented a completely different flavour by the dejected new wave of Culte du Cargo and the gritty electro of the Nihilist Party.

A recent issue of Discorder quoted Better Friends Than Lovers' Mandy Hardwick as saying that the Vancouver is "lacking a dancing kind of culture." Now in the business of attracting local concertgoers, Whalen sadly agrees, adding that it's hard to get people moving without a larger, out-of-town act on the bill. Leaf, on the other hand, cites examples like the popularity of the ½-Alive and Salbourg crews, all the way back to the now-defunct "grime night" at Shine, as evidence that the emergence of a strong underground dance scene in Vancouver.

As much as he respects what these indie club nights have done to get local kids dancing, Leaf emphatically states, "We don't want to be anything like that." Instead, Technotown highlights musicians or groups who utilize synthesized elements in exciting ways, or who play electronic music as "live" as possible. The focus is on experimentation and spontaneity, along the lines of such artists as Dan Deacon or Quintron & Miss Pussycat, turning a computer or an effects board into an instrument that is manipulated as much in concert as a guitar or drum set.

In recent years, computer programs like GarageBand and Ableton Live have brought unprecedented ease and accessibility to the formerly daunting world of music-making. While this development has given the general public the means to begin their own creative journeys, it may also have had a hand in stalling the development of a unified community for underground electronic musicians; for every one artist who plays gigs and exhibits their work, there are several "just in their basements doing their own thing." Bringing these people—many of whom invoke wildly inventive ideas and concepts in their creations—out of isolation and into an inclusive, energizing concert environment is precisely what Technotown Boogiedown is trying to do.

Unlike some other local events that can be somewhat esoteric in nature, while this concert series is a venue for experimentation, Technotown will always provide a reason to shake a booty. So far Whalen and Leaf have provided enough variety in the roster of performers to keep things interesting and make sure that the beats and rhythms carry on strong throughout the show. One thing's for sure, as the evening stretches on and the crowd grows, it gets harder and harder to stay still.

The November 4 edition of Technotown Boogiedown is slated to feature the bluesy vocals of funk/electro artist Piper Davis, Edo (from the Clips) and his Knife-ish IDM-pop, and Winnie the Shit.

Whalen and Leaf are extending an open invitation for performers and public interested in attending. Any local dance or experimental electronic artists interested in being part of a Technotown event, or ticket inquiries ($5 each), should contact the duo at teetownbeedown@gmail.com.

COPYFIGHT

by
Greg McMullen

rounds up some of the past two months' biggest copyright stories

The end of the summer was a lazy time for politicians, legal scholars, and the media industry's goon squads, so Copyfight! decided to take a month off. However, after the brief hiatus, the intellectual property world is back in full swing. This month's Copyfight! is a roundup of all the key non-Radiohead MP3 happenings of the past month. Hold on tight, because we're going to move fast.

The jury is in on KaZaA in the U.S., still out in Canada. A jury of her peers convicted Jamie Thomas, a single mother in Minnesota, of making files available for download on the KaZaA file sharing service. Thomas will have to pay a sum of $220,000 for infringing the rights to 26 of the songs she had in her shared folder. Thomas plans to appeal the decision, and her legal team is suggesting that the judge was mistaken in his instructions to the jury. The jury was told that the prosecution did not need to prove that anyone had downloaded the music she shared, only that she had made it available to the public.

In Canada, things were moving the other way. Record industry insiders are backpeddling on their request for an expansion of the blank media levy to computers and iPods, fearing that the royalties collected on those devices would make file sharing completely legal in Canada. Apparently they'd rather try to sue music fans than sit back and collect money from the sales of music players.

Copyright sex scandal!

A good sex scandal always whips the U.S. press into a frenzy, but it hardly makes a splash in Canada. Patricia Neri, the former Director General of Copyright Policy, responsible for drafting the new copyright legislation (barely mentioned in the Harper government's throne speech), was shuffled out of her position to a different post. It was later revealed that she was involved in a "personal relationship" with the movie industry's chief Canadian lobbyist. The Canadian press yawned. Apparently copyright law makes even the sexiest of scandals boring.

I'd rather sit in my leather recliner at home

After the fast-track approval of their made-in-Hollywood Criminal Code provision outlawing the use of video recorders in movie theatres, Hollywood has launched a campaign to let us all know that our fellow movie-goers are not to be trusted. Before a showing of 3:10 to Yuma this weekend, I had to sit through an industry fear piece, showing an orange suited convict pacing on a cell security camera. "Every day this prisoner is caught on camera, because he was caught WITH a camera." The entire audience was reminded that videotaping in a theatre is now a crime, and that it is our duty to turn in anyone who looks suspicious. After sitting through 20 minutes of ads before the lights went down and another 20 before the movie started, how could this extra nag be anything less than insulting? The thought that police could be called away from their real work of keeping us safe in the streets to help enforce copyright is nothing short of ridiculous.

This is too darn(jeeling) limited

Avoiding the big megaplexes and their nagging copyright notices, I went to see Wes Anderson's new film, The Darjeeling Limited, at a smaller independent theatre. Before the film started, a quick ad came up from Mr. Anderson himself, advising the audience that a short film 'prequel' to the feature was freely available on the web. "Great," I thought. "Wes Anderson actually understands the internet!"

After enjoying the film, I came home to try to download Hotel Chevalier, the short. From The Darjeeling Limited website, I was directed to the iTunes store for a free download. File not found. I tried manually searching. Still not found. I switched to the American iTunes store. I found the video, and sure enough it was freely avaiable. I clicked to download, only to be told I needed an American account to download the free file. I tried creating an account on the American iTunes store only to learn that I needed an American billing address on my credit card or Paypal account. Why did they even bother advertising it in Canada if they aren't going to let us see it? Frustration grew.

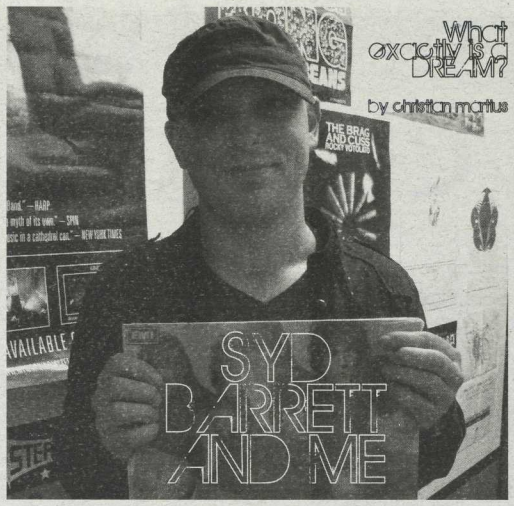
New plan. I got an American friend to download the short and send it to me. Fifteen minutes later, I opened the file, eager to see the free short that had now cost me half an hour of searching and failed account creation. Another disappointment-- Apple's crippleware DRM demanded that I authorize my computer under her account before playing the supposedly free video. I turned to Bittorrent. That too yielded a request to authorize my computer for use with some random internet user's iTunes account.

Google eventually saved the day. I found an article in the National Post that confirmed my suspicions-- the video is not officially available in Canada, and Fox Searchlight is not returning their calls to explain why. Further Google-fu turned up a Flash version of the free short, kindly posted by a user of the Mininova web forum. In the end, despite Fox Searchlight's and Apple's best DRM efforts to keep me from it, I got to see Hotel Chevalier.

It's not very good.

On the horizon...

The coming months will be quite busy for copyright in Canada. Assuming no election, the Conservatives will be tabling new legislation before the end of this new Parliamentary session. Meanwhile, legislators in the United States are renewing pressure on Canada to ratify the WIPO treaty, making copyright more powerful for owners and less friendly for users. For Copyfighters, interesting times are ahead.



What exactly is a DREAM?

by christian maritus

When I was 19, heroes still came in plastic boxes and what was kept inside was not a shiny toy or a tiny figurine, but a small cassette tape. Scribbles of handwriting, capital letters, numbers and symbols proclaiming a cassette's magical potency–these were the talismans of youth and a memory in the palm of your hand. All you had to do was put them into a machine and press play.

"You've got to listen to this." Words like these were common currency. Tapes were made with love and passion, and exchanged with infectious enthusiasm. There was every possibility of wonder back then, when everything seemed new and uncharted in our lives and on our stereos.

It was just a compilation tape–some early Pink Floyd, a few bootlegs and the songs from his solo trajectory, but enough was there. A creative life in snapshots and an intimation of something bigger, if the listener got it. In the end, all it took was one side of the tape and Syd Barrett exploded into my imagination.

Soon, the modern bands of the time became nothing to me. The otherworldly distorted echoes from Barrett's guitar made other groups with their effect pedals seem like hopeless amateurs. He had the spirit of invention while they had an inability to play. The child-like, English-accented words played in my ear more convincingly than a dozen other English-sounding bands. And to my young ears, Syd played–and looked–better than them all. Everyone else was a pretender: his lyrics stolen by Blur, his look appropriated by Bolan and his interstellar nursery rhymes borrowed by Bowie. His influence seemed everywhere. And all this was discovered through the early recordings of Pink Floyd–a band I previously branded as over-indulgent peddlers of progressive nonsense. That Syd Barrett cassette tape changed my life.

At 19, I was converted to a world of experimental pop songs, free-form psychedelic jams and absurd lyrics depicting outer space, pet mice and peeping toms. The records were bought and the bootlegs were collected, as were the black-and-white video footage, the books, the pictures, the posters, the chord progressions, the interviews and the history. But the desire was never satiated. Syd Barrett's creative period was brief and there was little to it other than a handful of albums and maybe a few unreleased tracks. It took a lot for me to admit there was no more to it than what I had gathered. Such a love is frustrating and bittersweet. It was incongruent to my understanding of things that someone so young and talented didn't carry on despite his later problems. But this belief had more to do with the dreams I had ahead of me and how Barrett represented my own dreams of personal potential.

People would spout off famous tales of Barrett's later illness as if it was a fetish of artistic credibility, but to me this was always cruel. The sound of a broken man has never been funny or cool, and this was the cipher through which he was judged–as a madcap and a fool. It's easy to dissect an enthusiasm if there seems little to it or no one else understands it, and with Barrett both cases applied. My romance came from such a small place, but it grew big in my heart, and that's what it's like with youthful pursuits: no one seems to understand them quite like you do your own. It all came down to a love of his creativity, an artistic burst of musical experimentation propelled forward by the inquiry of a young mind. It was the intensity of youth echoed back to me as I delivered my own youthful appreciation.

Such a passion was born to die, both in Syd and in me. The hints of loss were already there in his later recordings and forshadowed the later life I was to lead. That fervor is now but a dream from a memory, placed in a small plastic box, and that is all it is. With time and knowledge and technology between us, the cassette tape is now defunct. It may be left to gather dust in the far reaches of a cupboard, but that plastic box will still be carried around with me wherever I may live. D

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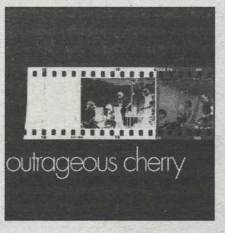

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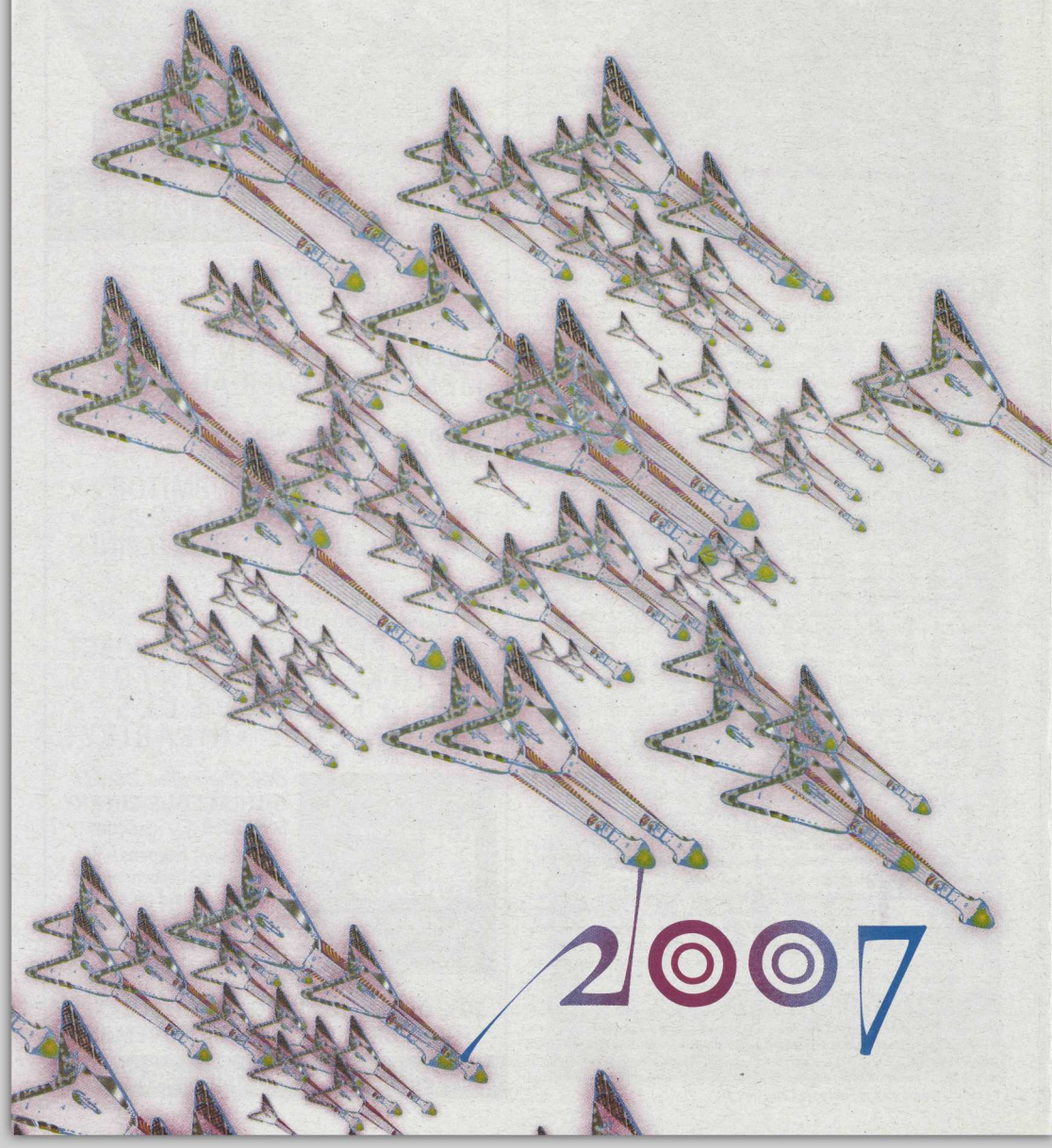
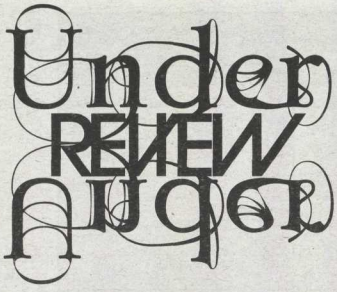


2007

1	**thursday**	State of Shock + Veer @ *Plaza* The SSRIs, iDeogRam, Something Witty, the Ludvico Treatment @ *Royal Unicorn*	**16**	**friday**	Gypsy Fire: Tambura Rasa + Children of the Revolution @ *Ironworks* Leahy + guests @ *Chan Centre* Headwater + Colcannon @ St. James Hall
2	**friday**	Nardwuar + guests @ *SUB Ballroom* Knucklehead + Sound City Hooligans @ *ANZA* Wintersleep @ *Richard's* Girl Nobody @ *Railway Club*	**17**	**saturday**	Hot Little Rocket + Parlour Steps + Alpha Baby @ *Railway Club* Stars @ *Commodore* *Albino! + Five Alarm Funk @ Richard's*
3	**saturday**	Black Mountain @ *Richard's* Lions in the Street + Run GMC @ *Railway Club* Federico Aubele @ *Media Club* Popa Chubby @ *Yale*	**18**	**sunday**	David Braid + Capilano College "A" Band + Nitecap @ *Vancouver East Cultural Centre* Heavy Trash + Powersolo @ *Plaza*
4	**sunday**	Darlen Brockington + Little Brother @ *Richard's* Tri-Continental @ *St. James Hall* Marianas Trench @ *Croatian Cultural Centre*	**19**	**monday**	J-Rocc, Madlib, Peanut Butter Wolf @ *Richard's* Ion Zoo, Steve Bagnell, Carol Sawyer @ *Cellar Jazz Club*
5	**monday**	Dave Chodroun, Nikki Reimer, J @ *Cellar Jazz Club*	**20**	**tuesday**	CITR's Shindig! Semi-finals night 2: The Petroleum By-Products, Treacherous Machete, JPNDRDS @ *Railway Club* Zappa Plays Zappa @ *Orpheum*
6	**tuesday**	CITR's SHINDIG! night 9: Die Cowboy Die, Greenbelt Collective, Piper Davis @ *Railway Club* Dropkick Murphys @ *Commodore* Octopus Project @ Media Club	**21**	**wednesday**	Mojo Zydeco @ *Fairview Pub*
7	**wednesday**	Craig Cardiff @ *Railway Club* Sondre Lerche + guests @ *Red Room* The Ponys, Chinuo Chinup @ *Richard's*	**22**	**thursday**	Uzume Taiko + Mearingstone @ *Norman Rothstein Theatre* Eugene Ripper @ *Media Club* Hayley Sales @ *Richard's*
8	**thursday**	Roger Clyne & the Peacemakers @ *Media Club* Sonny Landreth @ *Yale* Sick City + Sydney @ *The Sweatshop*	**23**	**friday**	Lee Burridge @ *Celebrities* Juliette & the Licks + Scissors for Lefty + Suffra Jett @ *Richard's* Cadaver Dogs, the Manipulators, Los Caminos @ *Railway Club*
9	**friday**	Suzanne Vega @ *Richard's* Vancouver Chinese Music Ensemble @ *Norman Rothstein Theatre* Weathered Pines @ *Pat's* Moon Circus @ *The Wired Monk in Kits*	**24**	**saturday**	The Sojourners @ *St. James Hall* Jose Gonsalez @ *Richard's* AIDS Wolf, Mutators, Shearing Pinx, Heartfelt @ *The Emergency Room* Hardfloor @ *Lotus*
10	**saturday**	Destroyer, Vote Robot, Pink Mountaintops, Riff Randells, Dustin Cole, Hilarityl @ *Richard's* The Waterboys @ *Commodore*	**25**	**sunday**	Jeffrey Lewis + the Cribs @ *Plaza* James Cotton Band + Mark Hummel @ *Yale*
11	**sunday**	Small Sins @ *Media Club* Puffy AmiYumi @ *Richard's* Manchester Orchestra + The Annuals @ *Plaza*	**26**	**monday**	Chimaira + Divine Heresy + Kataklysm + Terror @ *Croatian Cultural Centre* Passenger Action, Cowboy, the Prizefighter @ *Media Club*
12	**monday**	Phantom Rockers @ *Pat's* Athlete @ *Richard's* Vanessa Carlton @ *Media Club* Christine Duncan @ *Cellar Jazz Club*	**27**	**tuesday**	CITR's Shindig! Semi-finals night 3: Bands TBA @ *Railway Club* Delvin & Darko, myIgayIhusband, Wiley @ *Richard's*
13	**tuesday**	CITR's Shindig! Semi-finals night 1: The SSRIs, Retrofire, Stolen Bicycles Gang @ *Railway Club* Johnette Napolitano + David J @ *Richard's*	**28**	**wednesday**	Moving Units + VHS or Beta @ *Richard's* New Riders of the Purple Sage @ *Yale*
14	**wednesday**	Celebration + Kill Me Tomorrow @ *Plaza* Ween @ *Queen Elizabeth Theatre* Uh Huh Her @ *Media Club* Cuff the Duff + guests @ *Richard's*	**29**	**thursday**	Keith & Renee @ *Media Club* Paul Brandt + Jason Blaine @ *Centre for Performing Arts* Torngat + guests @ *Gallery Lounge (UBC Student Union Building)*
15	**thursday**	Isis + These Arms Are Snakes + 27 @ *Richard's* Gov't Mule + Grace Potter and the Nocturnals @ *Commodore* Lawnchair Generals @ *Caprice*	**30**	**friday**	Don Ross + Brooke Miller @ *St. James Hall* The Parallels, Plus Perfect, B-Lines, Animal Sounds @ *Pub 340*

send your event listings to calendar.discorder@gmail.com



Jon b.

Beat Diarya
(Independent)

Disregard the juvenile title that is Beat Diarya--producer Jon b. (a.k.a. Jonathan Balasz) has already come up with his fair share of clever titles in the past, inlcuding "Get Ripped and Try Dying" on his previous release or the eponymous *Hardly Novices* featuring **Max Prime.** It turns out that ingenious rappers are not yet completely extinct, but rather a bunch of them are thriving in Edmonton, much like most guest artists on *Beat Diarya.*

Jonb successfully produced an aural piece of art that transcends hierarchy. He didn't reinvent the wheel, but *Beat Diarya* is packed with unique beats, nice grooves and skillful, no-show-off rapping. About half the tracks are Jon b.-flavoured remixed or "warped" (basically alterations of pitch and tempo) pieces, classics from **Mobb Deep** to **Lord Finesse**, which are slightly redundant, but connoisseurs should be keen on the many references thrown in there. It gets better: collaborations with Canadian rappers such as **Mindbender** and **Touch**. Jon b. should continue to pursue this vein in his upcoming productions. Let him age a bit - he's only 21 and already demonstrates what an accomplished producer he can be. Balasz admits he would perhaps sign with a record company if an offer comes up, but simply not at the price of changing his music. Damn right, Jon. Get *Beat Diarya* for $5 at www.phonographique.com.

Maude Lachaine

Hot Springs

Volcano
(Aquarius)

Some records don't have to be irreproachable for you to like them. They are fun and easy to listen to and you don't have to think too hard. They are not complicated. The simple formula of Hot Springs' *Volcano* does what it tries to do in an awesome way. The band's music picks up garage-rock guitar sounds, propulsive drums, and an addictively weird vocal style and makes the most of it. Their indie-rock fervour demonstrates a sort of **Wolf Parade** vibe, but with the voice of a **Joanna Newsom** woman-child up front. Once a pattern comes out in a song, Hot Springs sticks to it and provide few change-ups other than hitting the hook harder and with greater intensity each time. The effectiveness of the songwriting becomes evident as the disc plays on. Most of the tracks deliver fast, crunchy songs about random flights of fancy.

This album gets a three out of five. The production completely lives up to its ambition, revealing the potential for a great live band, but leaves the listener in anticipation of bigger things.

Arthur Krumins

Mark Berube

What the River Gave the Boat
(Kwalu Records)

What the River Gave the Boat is Mark Berube's fourth solo album and it is a stunning collection of song-stories from one of the most eclectic and inspired multi-instrumentalist singer/songwriters this country has to offer. It's no surprise that he also fronts the fantastic genre-defying band **The Fugitives**, another wonderful bunch of local talent.

This album is a soundscape of tales that Berube has collected, experienced or perhaps overheard somewhere. They are brought to life by evocative music and wonderful arrangements, including lush strings by **Matthew Rogers**. Berube himself chimes in on all manner of instruments: piano, acoustic guitar, accordion and vocals. Also helping out on this disc are dobro wizard **Ivan Rosenberg** on "Cowboys," **Steve Charles** playing tasty cavaquinho on "War Without an End" and **Aaron Joyce** and his Weissenborn guitar on "Old Berlin." The opening track, "Cloudy Day," is a jazzy little number featuring **JP Carter** on trumpet that sets the scene for the rest of the album. "Pretty Little Bird," a catchy and upbeat tune, could be the soundtrack to a black and white film shot in Vancouver's inner city alleys. It's sometimes dark, but never depressing. The handclaps in "Cowboys" also add a little of **Feist**'s quirkiness to the equation.

There is a lot of introspection on this album. Berube doesn't shy away from dealing with tough issues, but he manages to build wonderfully crafted melodies around those issues. Take "Yebo Mama" for example, a tale about a woman Berube remembers from his childhood in Southern Africa. "Old Berlin" reminds travelling listeners of calling loved ones from foreign phone booths with its guitar and piano riffs. "War Without an End" is an unashamedly anti-war song and "Barber Shop" describes New York and the surreal sense that people are just waiting for something bad to happen: "The fear in this place needs a haircut, but the barbershop is closed."

Berube has constructed a musical gem with *What the River Gave the Boat*. If you enjoy intelligent music you'll love this album.

Linda Bull

Jens Lekman

Night Falls Over Kortedala
(Secretly Canadian)

In the past, the single has been the preferred medium of Sweden's Jens Lekman. His first album was conceived as a miscellany of the best individual songs in his repertoire, and the follow up was a collection of EPs, 7" singles and compilation tracks. His latest effort, however, is a cohesive record, carefully sequenced and sonically consistent. Hard as it is not to miss the hodgepodge nature of his previous outings, it's even harder to deny that Lekman embraces ambition and direction without shedding an ounce of his charm.

The album opens with "And I Remember Every Kiss," a symphonic laudation of romantic honesty. Its ornate strings then melt into "Sipping On the Sweet Nectar," a bass-driven dance-pop tune that seamlessly samples the interwoven guitar lines of Zimbabwe's **Four Brothers**, as well as **Willie Rosario**'s rendition of "By The Time I Get To Phoenix." "The Opposite Of Hallelujah" is the finest example of Lekman's appropriation of classic American pop to date, and it involves not a single sample. The simple pairing of a glockenspiel and string section overtop of bouncy two-tone piano chords is downright moving when coupled with Lekman's narrative about the responsibilities of an older brother.

The rest of the album couldn't possibly maintain this degree of consistency, but it comes close. Kortedala might be a "depressing suburban hell" to Lekman, but the anecdotes he draws from it are simply gorgeous.

Dave Fernig

Bettye LaVette

Scene of the Crime
(ANTI)

Once upon a time, in 1972, a struggling soul singer named Bettye LaVette walked into Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Alabama to record an album called *Child of the Seventies*, with the backing of **the Memphis Horns**. LaVette had spent a decade recording a variety of superb soul sides for independent labels throughout the South and Midwest when, finally, Atlantic Record's pop imprint Atco took an interest in turning her into a star. Unfortunately, *Child of the Seventies* was shelved by the bigwigs at Atlantic and, although it was eventually released in Europe in 2002 and on Rhino in 2006, this decision cost LaVette ten barren years with almost no recording.

Throughout the '80s and '90s, the Detroit native recorded for labels like Motown and Charly before returning to the road in the 2000s. More recording efforts followed and a compilation of her late-sixties material, *Take Another Little Piece of My Heart*, was released in 2005, but it was when the New York-based ANTI label released *I've Got My Own Hell to Raise* late that year that her rebound was confirmed. *Scene of the Crime*, released in September of this year, brings LaVette full circle in more ways than one. For starters, it was recorded at FAME Studios in Florence, Alabama near Muscle Shoals (both of these studios produced the Muscle Shoals style of Southern soul back in the day). Second, backing LaVette are alt-country rockers **the Drive-By Truckers** as well as veteran Muscle Shoals session musicians **Spooner Oldham** on organ and **David Hood** (whose son **Patterson Hood** leads the Truckers and is the album's co-producer, along with LaVette) on bass.

Last, but far from least, *Scene of the Crime* finds Bettye LaVette back in her gritty, soulful prime with intimate, gutsy interpretations of **Eddie Hinton**'s "I Still Want to Be Your Baby (Take Me Like I Am)," **Willie Nelson**'s "Somebody Pick Up My Pieces" and **Elton John** and **Bernie Taupin**'s "Talking Old Soldiers." Then there's LaVette and Hood's original "Before the Money Came (The Battle of Betty LaVette)," a song about LaVette's full-circle journey, which ultimately produced this deeply satisfying album. Thank the Drive-By Truckers and the Muscle Shoals veterans for raising the spirit of Southern soul from the swamps, ANTI for envisioning LaVette's comeback and, of course, LaVette herself for coming back to us top form.

Jason Colantonio

The Weakerthans

Reunion Tour
(Epitaph)

Edward Hopper has been described as the quintessential realist painter. Though he painted cityscapes and, more specifically, light, these portrayals take us profoundly into the details, the very fabric of life. It is not surprising then that **John K. Samson** uses Hopper's paintings as a muse in two of the songs on the newest Weakerthans album, *Reunion Tour*. On this album, Samson continues to dazzle us with the hues of his lyrical palette. Like on previous albums, Samson paints many of the stories in his hometown of Winnipeg. From the opening line of commuters at Confusion Corner (an intersection where five roads converge) biting their mitts off, to images of rain leaching prairie loam into back lanes (a prominent feature of Winnipeg), to an entire song about curling, Samson stays true to his roots. And like on previous albums, heartbreak and lost love are common themes.

In the guise of curlers and cats, bus drivers and busted dot-commers, the emptiness of a room and the fullness of a window that hides an unattainable life, Samson paints images of longing and of human frailty. "Sun in an Empty Room," inspired by a Hopper painting of the same name, is one of the most poignant of these, in which a low-income couple contemplate the failures of their relations. Looking

back at the empty room they once inhabited, they watch the shadows engulf the obscurity of their former life and are forced to ask "if we meant it, if we tried." Equally touching, "Relative Surplus Value" tells of a paper millionaire suddenly worth nothing, a retelling of the fate that must have befallen many in the dot-com bust.

Although it is easy to get wrapped up in Samson's brilliant lyrics, the music imparts an even greater meaning on the tracks. The piano on "Sun In An Empty Room" fills the hollowness of the "ninety thousand lonely miles," while "Relative Surplus Value" is driven by classic riffs, reverb and power chords. On "Reunion Tour," a snare drum moves the listener like a regiment through the realities of life on tour, and the country waltz of "Utilities" is the perfect backdrop for Samson's look at the overburdened and under-equipped of society.

It has been four years since *Reconstruction Site* until this, the Weakertans' fourth studio album. Though a long time coming, *Reunion Tour*, with its beautifully painted lyrics and perfectly complementing melodies, was definitely worth the wait.

Cameron Curtis

Bend Sinister

Bend Sinister
(Storyboard Records)

This five-track self-titled EP may be too short for voracious listeners who want more, but it's big in heart. Bend Sinister's music emerges as an amalgam of various inspirational sources. The EP starts off with the intense, high-energy track "Yours Truly," tinged with a fair bit of brooding. The same feel follows into "TV War," but at times with a few more cheerful keys and a straightforward indie-rock beat. On first listen, it appears that the beginning of the third song, "Time Breaks Down," is still the end of the second track, until it breaks into an über-playful melody, with highs not unlike a **Hawksley Workman** hook. "High Horses" demonstrates Bend Sinister's ability to range from jam-packed sound, vocal oomph and howling outbursts to forlorn tones, slow-pulsed and spacious instrumentation all within one song. There are little gems sprinkled throughout the EP—for instance, the last two secret minutes of the fifth track "Julianna," a beautifully somber ending reminiscent of a Radiohead *Amnesiac* number and a stark contrast to the start of the track's upbeat, piano-heavy spirit.

Though each song has its own distinct sound, each manages to meld into one another, marking the album as a unified and potent listening experience. Bend Sinister meshes its indie and prog rock tendencies into a bold blend, crowning these local boys as nothing less than a dauntless band that doesn't need any rules to make their music.

Marlaina M

Liars

Liars
(Mute)

Bands' albums are often self-titled as a statement of intent. Considering the last two Liars albums were labeled according to concepts based on sixteenth century pagan worship and the discourse of two imagined characters, this new Liars album (naturally enough) represents the band's sans concept. Liars have shifted again and this time away from the throbbing soundscapes of *Drums Not Dead* and into the more traditional realm of garage rock, complete with accelerated compositions that conjure up images of doomed leather punks riding on amphetamine-fuelled, nocturnal highways.

Significantly, *Liars* was recorded in LA and Berlin, and the art-rock influence of both places characterizes this new garage/kraut rock hybrid, often recalling early **Can**, West Coast psychedelic punk or even **the Jesus and Mary Chain**'s romantic rendering of American rock and roll nihilism.

"Plaster Casts of Everything," with its mounting guitar and drum cycle, and the repeated screaming mantra of "I want to run away, I want to bring you too," is propelled forward with an overwhelming wall of guitar noise. "Freak Out" delivers a perfect interpretation of what you would expect of a song with this title, with two and half minutes of dissolute, fuzzy reverb and listless vocals. The throttling velocity of these and many of the other tracks provides a sharp contrast to the more tribal dissonance of their earlier work.

But *Liars* isn't all noisy, alt-rock intensity and strangled guitar solos. Tracks like "Dumb in the Rain" and "Leather Prowler" recognizably continue in the sparse rhythmic form of previous releases. "Houseclouds" mimics pre-Scientology era **Beck** (in a good way) and "Protection" delivers an affecting album finale with its poignant pump organ and falsetto-led coda.

Liars, for all its aping of a rock pantheon suitable for a **Kenneth Anger** film, still sounds contemporary and offers an innovative mix of avant-garde abstraction, seedy garage rock and the expected mercurial brilliance.

Christian Martius

Radiohead

In Rainbows
(Independent)

After a near five-year wait, Radiohead has released its groundbreaking, seventh studio album to fans—unsigned by EMI and free to those who can afford it.

This album is addictive, but also incredibly short. Comparing the lengths of their collective discography is petty and inconsiderate though. This album is but another feather in their caps, and the new holy grail for Radiohead junkies.

The album starts with "15 Step," a catchy anthem backed by electronic drum loops reminiscent of the *Amnesiac* and *Hail to the Thief* eras, and follows through with "Bodysnatchers," a distorted and rhythmically charged track. After that point the album takes a much more intimate turn, when Thom Yorke's sedating voice glosses over the slow jazzier likes of "Nude" and "House of Cards," and tender glockenspiel noises in "All I Need." These slower songs bring back the warm, tingling feeling on your neck that only a lover can produce, but with less melancholy and totalitarian despair.

On the whole, this album is incongruent with the rest of Radiohead's discography. Unlike *OK Computer* and their earlier albums, *In Rainbows* seems to be missing that metamorphic theme that resonates through each album. But the band achieves the even more impressive feat of coming out with such a cool and detached collection of songs after essentially conquering the whole spectrum of rock. Let's just hope there isn't another five year wait for the next one.

Miné Salkin

Joe Shithead & His Band of Rebels

Joe Shitbead & His Band of Rebels
(Sudden Death Records)

My first impression of this album was clouded by the fact that I was in desperate need of a nap. While dozing in and out of consciousness I was able to differentiate song to song *Joe Shithead Keithley and his Band of Rebels,* a task that often takes some concentration. Unlike the recent additions to my album collection, veteran punk Joe Shithead knows how to write an album of immense diversity.

Musically, this album echoes sounds of classic rock, ska and a style not to far removed from the punk roots of **D.O.A.** But its full band sound, consisting of keyboards, sax, violin and trumpet, mixed with lyrics varying from attacking the corporations to *Star Trek* separates this album from a classic D.O.A album. It seems like Joey Shithead is still trying to fuel the counter-cultural revolution. I can't help but chuckle when hearing a forty-something year old man spew words of anti-establishment and anarchy without the aid of youth angst, although it is inspirational to see such determination and devotion. Much credit goes to Shithead for staying true to his doctrines. Keithley is no sell-out.

After many listens of this record I find myself humming and muttering the lyrics to a few upbeat standouts. Other than that, this album is by no means a head turner--more of a refreshingly fun, less serious take on D.O.A.

Dustin Louis

Ween

La Cucaracha
(Rounder Records)

La Cucaracha is Ween's eleventh studio album, and their first on Rounder Records, joining fellow odd-balls **They Might be Giants**. Following the well-received, but relatively tame and low-key *Quebec*, many wondered if the brothers Ween had grown mellow and introspective. But Gene and Dean have put that thought to rest with their latest album. *La Cucaracha* is solid overall and it's definitely a return to the weird, absurdist, party-oriented Ween of the past.

The album is a mishmash of Gene-and-Dean eccentricity, continuing their trademark reinterpretation of nearly everything that has ever happened in recorded music. Influences range from the first track's Mexican party flavour, which breaks down into squelching drum machine, to the early '90s dance number "Friends," which puts a dementedly cheery twist on the genre's simplistic lyrics and synth lines. Almost every song has its strengths, but there are a few standouts, especially the deranged "Object," a sociopathic love jam comprised of tender instrumentals juxtaposed with lyrical violence. A few songs feel like they've overstayed their welcome, like the 11-minute prog-sprawl of "Woman and Man."

Though individually most tracks hold up to some of the best of Ween's catalogue, the album as a whole falls short of their finest efforts. It lacks the cohesion of *Quebec*, the rambling absurdity of *Chocolate and Cheese* and the head-scratching mangled messiness of *The Pod*. Despite these flaws, *La Cucaracha* shows that Ween still knows how to party.

Greg McMullen

Various Artists

Camobear Orange
(Camobear Orange)

Camobear Records just celebrated their five year anniversary and this CD/DVD combo showcases a whole lot of unreleased tracks from upcoming albums along with a couple songs released in the last year or so. On *Camobear Orange*, there are cuts by **Moka Only, Josh Martinez, Sleep and Zelly Rock, Kaboom, Tachichi, The Goods, Awol One** and **Chicharone**. Working with a slew of varying producers, the style ranges on this compilation from swing to ska to just about anything you could fit into a hip hop track. This album has the diversity.

There are a few joints that stand out on this album. The brilliant instrumental from Moka Only, "Begin Again," from his experimental album *Station Agent*, has a real laid back flow with some amazing sample cutting that intentionally messes with the listener's head like none other than Moka can do. Another amazing track is the very original song by Josh Martinez, "Responsibility," which blends together his vocal presence with some very tight rapping on a masterfully produced track. Another highlight track is **Evil**'s "Liquor Store," which has the artist rapping against a series of vocal samples surrounding the theme of alcohol.

Lastly, the consumer gets a DVD along with this CD, all packaged in an amazingly well-designed case in an *A Clockwork Orange*, old LP style. The DVD looks pretty slick: the music videos, interviews, live performances on it are definitely a bonus for any fan out there. Every one of the rappers and producers on this album has real talent that should not be missed.

Joelboy

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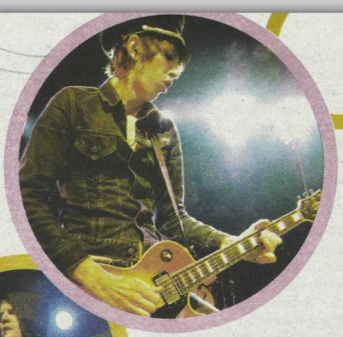
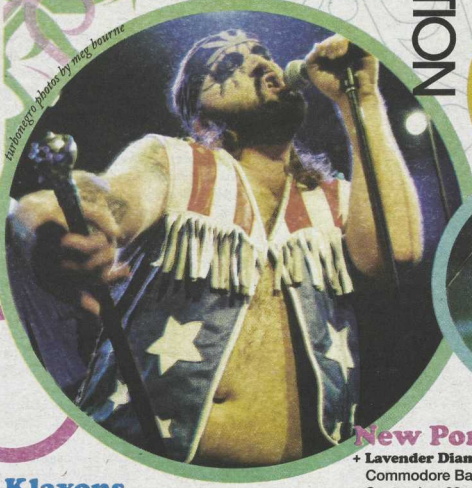




turbonegro photos by meg bourne

klaxons photos by simon foreman

Klaxons

+ Mystery Jets
Commodore Ballroom
October 1

Mystery Jets were a treat, playing hooky Britrock that almost reminded me of **the Kaiser Chiefs** (without any pejoratives that might imply), but leaning more towards indie-styled melodies than crunchy, stadium-filling riffs. Frontman Blaine Harrison was perched atop a stool for the entire performance and was seen using crutches, signalling that he has sustained an injury during this tour. However, it wasn't a huge issue, as sitting down allowed him to focus more on impassioned cowbell smacking and tambourine shaking, and allowed my friend and me more time to admire his impossibly skinny pants.

Surprisingly, few in the crowd adhered to the "new rave" aesthetic that has become associated with Klaxons, with most people there to rock out instead of dance off. The crowd surged during "Magick" and "Gravity's Rainbow," but there wasn't much actual dancing to be seen—besides, perhaps, a drunk couple beside me who jumped around violently like they were seeing **the Sex Pistols**.

Barring a few missteps (including a wall of distorted guitar that overpowered much of "Two Receivers"), the headliners put on a solid show. Jamie Reynolds laid down his driving basslines with ease, and all four touring members did their part in their sweet falsetto vocal duties. The band covered all of *Myths of the Near Future*, as well as rolling out B-sides "The Bouncer" and "Hall of Records" to start things off.

During the booming "Isle of Her," a few of the Mystery Jets lads provided extra percussion, while one of them pretended to paddle himself across the stage in a huge box. The rest of the concert was all business, but was still a crowd-pleaser, and marked Klaxons' second Vancouver appearance as a raving success.

Simon Foreman

New Pornographers

+ Lavender Diamond, Fancey
Commodore Ballroom
September 28

This was fun. Essentially, all I have to do is tell you how excellent it was to see all the members of the New Pornographers on stage at once rocking out. It was so freakin' awesome that if I wrote a thesis on it, I still could barely impart unto you the awesomeness of the New P's goin' at it with a near-sublime, rainbow-coloured sign flashing "The New Pornographers" behind them.

I went with a friend who didn't particularly like their latest album (a ridiculous blasphemy I will not bother delving into here), and although 80 per cent of the songs were from their new LP, he still had a great time. That is the magic of Carl Newman's power-pop poster posse (hooray alliteration), who delivered exceptionally played live renditions of "Mass Romantic," "Sing Me Spanish Techno" and "Letter from an Occupant," among others. Also, seeing the rare sight of all the band's members, including **Neko Case** and Dan Bejar, was enough to put me in a happy place for a week afterward.

The only downside to this concert (besides that it couldn't last forever) was the opening acts. The first was Fancey, New P's member Todd Fancey's side project. Although their presentation and sound quality weren't what you would expect of a band opening for a band as high profile as the New P's, none of their songs were bad at all. In fact, it seemed that Fancey just weren't polished enough to make their material sound very good live.

The real shocker was the second opening act, Lavender Diamond. The lead singer for the group came on stage and then proceeded to dedicate every song to some hippy-dippy inanimate object (seriously, she did one for trees, one for air and one for world peace). This wouldn't have been terrible, but all the band members were so obviously drugged up on god knows what that their songs came across as just plain bad. But even Lavender Diamond's awfulness couldn't faze the overall bliss of this concert.

Andrew Wilson

Turbonegro

Commodore Ballroom
October 11

Turbonegro will make you cry. Why you ask? Because you will realize that you're never going to be as awesome or rock as hard as them in your entire life.

Before the show even started you could feel the energy of the fans as they thanked god that in 2002 the band rejoined after a confusing and unwanted breakup and that now they were about to rip up a Vancouver stage. Considering it was their first time playing the city, they played like it was a hometown show, opening with "All My Friends Are Dead" and forcing the crowd into a swarm of denim and sailor hats. The Commodore Ballroom quickly became a sweaty mess, and I'm not sure about everyone else, but I got an erection.

After the song, the ever so elegant and well-spoken Hank Von Helvete began to tell us all that while playing the show in Seattle the night previous, he told the American fans that Vancouver fans were way better and that we had better prove him right, which I hope we did.

The band sounded amazing—every song packed full of more grinding and homoerotic power stances than one could usually handle. But when watching a band like this, you can't ever get enough.

Michael Shantz

No Age

+ Shearing Pinx, Midwife
Pat's Pub
September 22

Often the best shows are the ones that cut the shit—the ones that are simply loud, cathartic rock exercises. Take No Age's show at Pat's Pub, for example. With only some drums and guitar, the L.A. two-piece plugged in, turned up and let loose, wasting no time on pointless bullshit or ill-conceived gimmicks. It was the songs that were important here, which definitely had enough quality to pull off this no-frills affair.

With revved-up versions of "Everybody's Down," "Every Artist Needs a Tragedy" and "My Life's Alright Without You," Dean Spunt and Randy Randall displayed in the flesh why their record, Weirdo Rippers, is one of this year's best. The two men's songs touched on all the right influences, which range from scrappy **Swell Maps** punk to skewed **Pavement**-like pop to formless **Black Dice**-inspired noise, without sounding derivative or historically plagiaristic. In fact, they're the type of forward-thinking songs that will likely become benchmarks for future sonic comparisons. On stage, Spunt and Randall also rarely stood still as they kicked out their jams in a much rawer—not to mention louder—fashion than on disc. On the ground, this vigorous approach led to what could be described as a "pit," where young men and women knocked each other about and caused No Age to label them as "bad ass."

The show was perhaps a bit brief and neither opener, Shearing Pinx or Midwife, added much to the night, to put it politely. But seeing No Age do its thing on stage was enough to make the night one to remember.

Brock Thiessen

The Fiery Furnaces

+ Pitter Pat
Richard's On Richards
October 15

In my opinion, the Furnaces are one of the most unique and quality bands around today. Their musical style revolves around a distinctive brand of strangeness coupled with an ironclad storytelling style that is achieved through lyrics that would make a college English professor nervously reach for his dictionary.

The cool thing about Fiery Furnaces' concerts is that you don't hear anything of theirs that you have heard before. While they do play the same songs with the same lyrics and titles as the ones on their albums live, the Furnaces add massive amounts of stylistic and structural change to the mix.

They work out a set of fragments from selected songs in their discography, which are then re-tooled to be more mainstream and concert worthy. They then fuse these song fragments together to make four or five mega-songs, taking a few second break between them. The result is a unique and engrossing concert experience. The audience is still able to sing along to a lot of the songs, but the thrill and joy of hearing something new is ever present at the gig. This method of doing things gives the audience the large doses of rock that they want from a concert while retaining the fluid dynamics that make the Furnaces great to begin with.

The opening band, Pitter Pat was enjoyable as well. At first, I wasn't sure about them, but as they warmed up, they became more impressive. The drummer for Pitter Pat was especially skilled and enjoyable to watch. If you think of yourself as a fan of the Furnaces, chances are that Pitter Pat would be a good match for you.

All in all, even if you are not familiar with the Furnaces' work, I would still recommend going to see them in concert the next time they come through town.

Andrew Wilson

The Weakerthans

+ The Last Town Chorus
Commodore Ballroom
October 6

The Weakerthans' opener, the Last Town Chorus, have essentially become Megan Hickey's solo outlet following the departure of her full-time guitarist in 2004. And last Saturday, Hickey demonstrated she is more than able to handle the band on her own, as she played, joked and jibed with the audience, as well as gave them Canucks updates. With her steel guitar and enchanting country-edged voice, she definitely won over a lot of fans, including me.

But compared to Hickey's intimate performance, Winnipeg's Weakerthans seemed rather distant—their straight 15-song, 2-encore (mixed with a couple of "hellos") performance being more like a CD played live than a proper show. To be fair, the band did pull out some pretty entertaining guitar antics, though, and on the live version of "Sun in an Empty Room," Stephen Caroll's keyboards came across as even more profound.

But while bassist Greg Smith—the new guy on the team—was dripping with sweat by the end of the show, singer-songwriter and all-around guru John K. Samson remained mostly stationary. Samson is no doubt a lyrical genius, which may explain his seemingly omniscient Buddha-like smile; however, that Buddha-like stoicism did not give me the chance to peer, if only slightly, into his lyrical genius.

I seemed to have been the only one feeling like a slighted lover, though, as the crowd positively devoured each of Samson's offerings. Most people were more than happy just to be part of the singalong, already knowing all the words to their one-week-old album. Even those who didn't yet know them were certainly humming each catchy tune by the end of the night as they filed out into the spitting rain of Granville Street.

Cameron Curtis

Smashing Pumpkins

The PNE Forum
September 24

There's a reason why the Pumpkins have been around since 1988, and the Pumpkins PNE show proved this.

The set was a well-balanced blend of all the best aspects of their career. Starting off with an energized performance of "Doomsday Clock" (the debut track from their latest album, Zeitgeist), the band rocked out with "Zero" and "Bullet with Butterfly Wings," among other quintessential Pumpkins tunes. It was the best of the past and the present, from "Down" and other Rotten Apples songs to, surprisingly enough, "Ava Adore" and "To Sheila" from their most experimental album Adore.

While Corgan was missing his iconic Zero shirt, his long-sleeved, striped replacement made us all remember the heavy psychedelic roots of the band, tossing everyone around in a cathartic cloud of the past, present and future. I also particularly liked the fact that original band members James Iha and D'arcy Wretzky were replaced by another female bassist and Asian guitarist. Did he think nobody would notice?

Live, the Pumpkins reminded concertgoers that, as an album, *Zeitgeist* explores many conceptions of nationality—particularly those in the U.S.—and the alienation that comes with an individual being attached to certain values and meanings based on locality. It's for this reason that the album is so monumental. Phenomenologist philosopher **Georg Hegel** described a "spirit of the time" as a single historical figure representing all aspects and values of that period, and eventually when such meanings are overturned, another zeitgeist comes to be. Tracks such as "For God and Country" look at this phenomenological dialectic and describes how everything—including music—is a subject to this temporality.

Miné Salkin

smashing pumpkins photo by miné salkin

justice photo by cole johnston

Justice

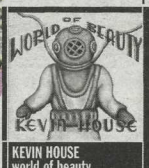
+ Midnight Juggernauts
Commodore Ballroom
October 21

Hipsters gone wild! The Midnight Juggernauts rocked pretty hard, but the people were there for Justice. With tickets selling out almost as quickly as a **Spice Girls** reunion tour, the Commodore was the place to be on Saturday night. And with good reason. A live Justice show is pretty similar to a live **Daft Punk** show—when it comes down to it, it's just Justice deejaying a bunch of their own tracks. And yet, like Daft Punk, it comes across as much more than that. It somehow feels like a punk rock show. Maybe it was the giant glowing cross built into their synths and mixers, maybe it was the security guards struggling to keep the crowd back. But this was no ordinary uninspired DJ set.

At times concertgoers got the sense that something live was missing (perhaps Uffie?), and that maybe the months of hype was driving a lot of the crowd into a frenzy. It's true what they say: Hipsters on ecstasy are crazy and many innocent audience members have the bruises and bloody t-shirts to prove it. When did a Justice set turn into a **Dead Boys** concert? As soon as "We Are Your Friends" started, like a Virgin Mobile ad, the moshing was not far behind. The band got a lot of play out of that vocal hook, as well as its **Argento**-sampled noise fest "Phantom," which went on for a good 20 minutes with no complaints fromt he crowd. Justice covered their bases with a brief, but memorable, remix of " D.A.N.C.E." and the 2005 remix of **Scenario Rock**'s "Schizo Dancer." This show may not have been worth the $100-$150 tickets for sale on Craigslist, but it was a good time for all. Especially the hipsters.

Cole Johnston

BONGO BEAT 2007
I'm a writer and writers is what my label is about. Ralph Alfonso



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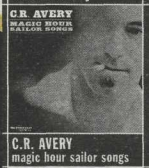

C.R. AVERY
magic hour sailor songs

The new C.R. Avery CD is a remarkable work that breaks all convention about what a hip hop beatbox blues harmonica spoken word americana album is supposed to be. Deluxe digipak with bonus book of poetry.

C.R. is currently on tour across Canada but will be back in EAST VAN DEC 17-22, six nights at RIME (Commercial Drive).

For complete tour details, please visit myspace.com/cravery

KEVIN KANE
how to build a lighthouse

Kevin Kane is one half of the singer/songwriter team that was The Grapes of Wrath. The Grapes brand of elegant understated pop pre-dated today's return to earthier harmonic roots music. Kevin Kane does not disappoint. This CD is exactly how you'd expect a Grapes of Wrath CD to sound like today. Featuring drumming by Nelson Bragg (Brian Wilson) and mastering by Kramer. Includes a wonderful cover of "Arnold Layne" by Pink Floyd. Watch for national touring, Spring 2008.

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Hello

Raw Radio
by J.T. James

Through the years, I've DJed at almost every possible venue you can imagine—from nightclubs to weddings to strip clubs. Hell, I'll DJ at your Grandma's 80th birthday if the skrilla's right. Through these gigs, I have gained an invaluable amount of experience—not only about how to rock a crowd and make sure the party gets started right, but about life itself.

Here are a few examples:

Strip Clubs: The life lessons learned here could, in fact, be sold in hard cover, but here's a little taste. When a burly biker type with a 12-shot Jack Daniels buzz tells you he wants to hear a song, you play the song—as quickly as possible. Just get it out of the way, for the love of God. If Mr. Fists the Size of Dachshunds hears the Black Eyed Peas "My Humps" instead, you may in fact be receiving some not-so-lady lumps of your own. So take those old records off the shelf, DJ. Although Bob Seger may hurt just as bad as a Pilsner to the dome-piece, the long-term effects are much less serious. **Lesson learned:** Know your place in the food chain.

Raves: Don't eat the blue pills. Or any pills for that matter, especially when you're playing. Those disco biscuits may make think your new inventive scratch technique is blowing the crowd away, but that's probably just the blue pills. The four sober people there think you're a total dick. **Lesson learned:** Drugs are bad.

Weddings: These gigs can be the worst. Make sure you get paid well because this day has to be perfect. The bride is always stressing, which means the groom is stressing, which means the moms and dads are stressing. Then you take into account that there are two families getting together for the first time and pretending they like each other. Then add alcohol—lots of it. **Lesson learned:** Make sure you snatch a bottle of Cabernet while nobody's looking. You'll need it.

Strip Clubs Revisisted: This is for the patrons: she's lying to you. You have no chance. She's not leaving with you—just your money. How do I know? Because she's leaving with me. **Lesson learned:** If you want to find a girlfriend by looking at half-naked, sexy women then go to a yoga class.

Now that you've learned a little about life, how about some music? On Raw Radio, we play a lot of hip hop and a bit of house, electro and breaks. Here is my top three for this month:

1) Aesop Rock – "None Shall Pass"

2) Robin Dorey – "Pink Panther"

3) Babyleg – "Nowhere"

Raw Radio *airs at midnight on Thursdays on CiTR 101.9 FM. For more information go to: www.rawradiocanada.com or www.myspace.com/jtjames1, or email jtjames@shaw.ca.*

Breakfast with the Browns
by Peter Sickert

We've been on the air since September 1988. That's nearly 1000 shows, which means some 3000 hours of programming--prep time not included. We've missed less than 10 shows in all those years due only to snow, strikes, or other acts of nature. We must have played around 24,700 songs. The first show has now travelled about 19 light years into space, joining the millions of radio waves that leave the earth every second. So what does all this mean? Not much really, except that time is perhaps zipping past far too fast--yet we still look forward to hosting the show every week. We started off doing our show using turntables, cart machines (basically 8-tracks) and reel-to-reel tape players, and now we're on the internet, podcasting the show--go figure. I remember being highly suspicious of these fancy new CD thingees when they first started to show up at the station. Unlike vinyl, there was no romance in the shiny little discs. Now we're starting to feel nostalgic for this medium as it's slowly being replaced by digital data living somewhere in cyberspace.

We often get asked about the show's opening and closing tracks.

The opening track is "Wake-Up," written by Yoko Ono and interpreted by Trio (*Da Da Da* fame). It is from a horrible compilation called *Every Man Has a Woman* that Ono issued in the mid-80s. Other luminaries on the album are Elvis Costello, Roberta Flack, and Eddie Money. It even features Ono's son, Sean (about 8 years old then), singing her songs. You can hear the original version, sung by Ono, on her recording *It's Alright (I See Rainbows)*.

The closing track is "You're Wondering Now," by the Specials, a true ska classic. You can find it on the 1979 release *The Specials*.

So how do we find all the music we play? The station's collection, our own collections, suggestions by listeners and fellow DJs, other stations and reviews. Increasingly, artist and record label websites have become our sources for new material. The most important resources we have are our notebooks. The Browns' notebooks are our record of all the recordings that we have listened to or want to listen to. Each release and song is recorded with our own special rating system, which includes a brief description of what a track sounds like (you could call it style) and any special or unusual characteristics or features (Did they use a sackbut? Was that a sample from that obscure Swiss movie?). These notebooks are indispensable for our shows.

Generally the shows aren't really preplanned. We might have a few tracks that we want to play but the rest comes together as the show unfolds. A song might trigger an association which then sets off a chain reaction. If the music seems to flow effortlessly, then so much the better.

In 2000 we celebrated our 12th anniversary with a retrospective and a massive special edition *Breakfast with the Browns*. We had a T-shirt give away with shirts designed by ESM (Sakurai and O'Regan), graduates of the Emily Carr Institute. For our 20th Anniversary in September 2008 we'll be doing something equally special, so stay tuned.

Questions? Comments? Feel free to e-mail us at breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com.

Upcoming Highlights:

24th December 2007:

"The Browns' Christmas Special" featuring three hours of wonderful musical Holiday nostalgia.

Peter Sickert hosts Breakfast with the Browns *on CiTR 101.9fm every Monday morning 8:00am to 11:00am.*

Ashes Ashes...
by Marielle Kho

I get to be pretty emo around this time of the year. I do not know what it is. Maybe it's the change in weather or the beginning of a new school year (though it's not relevant this year). I already look and act pretty emo all year round, but something about the month of October really puts me into an unusually introspective mood.

Because of this seasonal mood change, I also notice that my choice in tunes shifts quite a bit as well. A lot of people are crazy about their summer soundtracks but for me, it's all about the autumn anthems. Instead of my usual pop punk, garage, and metal playlists, my iPod begins to take on softer sounds, orchestrated compositions, and tracks that are just off the beaten path. I'm usually someone that listens to a single song on repeat for a full week. Only during this time of the year does my listening choice have a drastic turnover. Where I once had the Ramones, the Bouncing Souls, and the Cancer Bats, I now have Iron and Wine, My Morning Jacket, Trail of Dead, and the soundtracks of *Star Wars: Episodes 1, 4,* and *6*.

Something about music that comprises a variety of instruments and more organic sounds really appeals and seems to work in accordance with the season's colours, temperatures, and surroundings. This is something that I've never really thought about, or at least analyzed, so much before. I don't make this change in choice of music too public though. You will not hear me change the type of music that I play on my radio show too much. Rest assured, I'm not going through some kind of life-changing ordeal. I'm simply adjusting to the season. I guess it's kind of like when people get really keen on carols during the winter holiday season.

I think that this year I may try to ease some of these autumn ditties into my weekly playlist to see how well a slight change is received. I'm sure that many others go through a similar, if not identical, change. So, this month, expect the unexpected! Maybe less 3 Inches of Blood, and more John Williams? Now excuse me as I retreat to the surrounding warmth of my room where I shall ponder the falling of leaves, paint the colours of October, read up on some ancient history, and knit a new and snuggly scarf.

Marielle Kho, seasonal social recluse extraordinaire.

On a separate note, a huge thank you to everyone that donated to CiTR's annual fund drive! Your support, whether it be financial or not, is always greatly appreciated. And if you couldn't donate this year, don't worry about it. I know too well what it's like to be forgetful, poor, and downright lazy. No worries -- there's always next year! Hope you all had a spooky Halloween!

Marielle Kho hosts We All Fall Down *Thursdays 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Stereoscopic Redoubt
by Darren Gawle

Regular listeners of the show will notice that I play a lot of material by the Collectors. To date, I've already done one feature on the band, as well as played a Collectors album side in its entirety. Finally, with my Funding Drive 2007 giveaway of an original Bob Masse poster from 1967 advertising the Collectors opening for the Steve Miller Band at Kits Theatre, maybe it's time I went into a little more detail about the band I consider to be the best of Vancouver's psychedelic era.

The story begins with the R&B house band for the CBC's youth-oriented variety show *Let's Go*, named the Classics. The band would also record variously as the C-FUN Classics (backing Fred Latremouille) or the Canadian Classics (for a one-off 1966 single on L.A.'s Vault label). A 1966 lineup change brought Ross Turney in on drums and Bill Henderson on guitar, with the original Classics lineup of Claire Lawrence on organ and various woodwind instruments, Glenn Miller on bass, and Howie Vickers on vocals.

1966 was a transitional year for the band, which they spent writing original material and developing a unique sound. Existing demo material from this period shows a nascent blend of folk/garage rock, dovetailing effectively with Vickers' belting soul vocals, and backed by the almost Gregorian harmonies of the band. By 1967, the Collectors proved themselves capable of writing such remarkable songs as "Looking At A Baby" and "Fisherwoman." Henderson and Lawrence's classical tuition resulted in suite-like arrangements, which were tempered by the band's collective pop discipline, and honed after years of residencies at Vancouver R&B clubs and topless bars. A particular trait of the Collectors' songwriting became a cyclical evolution of harmonic theme throughout the verse and chorus, coming full circle and arriving right back where they started at the beginning of the subsequent verse. Lyrically they would often take the original theme and head off on another tangent. This subtle sophistication was put to an almost nightmarish effect in their 1967 B-side, *Listen To The Words*.

On their eponymous 1968 debut album, the Collectors also explored the contemporary trend of devoting an entire album side to a 10-plus minute song. The result: the 19-minute *What Love (Suite)* that provokes a divided opinion to this day. While the song was received well in San Francisco, a live review by The Village Voice claimed that the best thing The Collectors could do after a New York performance was disband!

Unfortunately, after two hit singles in Canada and an album which attracted attention from as far away as Europe, the Collectors reached a dead end. While in 1969 a collaboration with playwright George Ryga for a stage production and album (both titled *Grass and Wild Strawberries*) seemed a logical next step for a band which had become no stranger to pushing the envelope of what rock music could do, an important and intangible element of their sound had come adrift, and momentum was already lost. Three singles released in 1969-70 (including the infectious "Fat Bird") failed to regain this momentum and, after a final act of composing music for the Canadian pavilion at Expo '70 in Japan, Vickers parted company with the band.

The remaining quartet carried on, however, reinventing themselves in 1971 as Chilliwack...

Stereoscopic Redoubt airs Thursdays at 5:30 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.

The Jazz Show

by Gavin Walker

I've been involved in jazz music all of my life—playing the music, listening to the music and living the music. My first experience in radio started in the spring of 1980 when I hosted a national jazz show on CBC FM for three years. I'm really honoured now to be part of CiTR, which all started when I was asked by Fiona McKay in 1984 if I was interested in taking over the jazz slot on Monday night. She had seen me play a few times in my long-standing Thursday night gig at the Classical Joint in Gastown and knew me from the CBC show. I told her "Sure, I'll give it a shot, as long as nobody tells me what to play or asks me to push music that I don't think counts as jazz." The rest is history and *The Jazz Show* is now one of the longest running shows on CiTR.

I've played all over the world as a alto-saxophonist, flutist, clarinetist, composer and bandleader and spent time living in San Francisco, New York and my birthplace, Montreal (for a bio: vancouverjazz.com). My involvement with the CBC began when my jazz group was doing some taping in their studio. The next day, a young producer named Craig Wood called me at home and asked if I would be interested in hosting a national jazz show. He had talked to various musicians and they all recommended me because of my knowledge of jazz history and the fact that I knew and played with many important jazz heavies. It turned out to be a nice gig with lots of perks and good money. The show ran on Saturdays afternoons under the moniker *Jazzland*. It was fun and I worked with a great team, but we were unfortunately one of the first victims of the dreaded budget cuts. The show was expensive, as it involved many in-studio sessions from all over the country. So ended my stint as radio host—until CiTR.

At *The Jazz Show*, I try to give as much background and info about a piece that I can, including all the members of the band and any session stories I might know. I think that everyone in a jazz group, especially a combo, is important enough to mention. I never really plan my show, except for the Jazz Feature at 11 p.m., but I always bring enough material to change gears if it works (hey, that's jazz). I do emphasize instrumental jazz as I feel that so many jazz shows play too many vocals, so I try to balance that out. I also avoid bland "dinner jazz" and "smooth jazz" (which is a corporate marketing term for elevator jazz).

When I first started doing my show I'd get calls asking me to play stuff that wasn't even close to jazz, or callers would say, "You talk too much—who cares about the bass player or the drummer or when it was recorded!" I don't get those kind of calls anymore, and I am flattered to have built up a good-sized audience for what is for me, and many others, one of the most beautiful musical styles. I also thank CiTR for allowing me to present it to you. Be cool.

The Jazz Show airs Mondays at 9 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.

The Morning After Show

by Oswaldo Pérez Cabrera

I think it was the summer of 2000 when I spoke on the CiTR microphones for the first time.

I have always found radio interesting but misused—an extreme waste of airtime. My taste in music has always been odd, and I like weird harmonies; the walls of noise, the experimentation, the blocks of sound, the madness in music. And I have always disliked most of what was played on the radio. To this day, I still cannot understand why the radio stations play the same 15 songs over and over again throughout the day. Cut the crap, already. It wouldn't be so bad if those 15 songs were good, but they generally suck. Depending on the station, you can listen to Nickelshit, some band where the singer sounds like somebody is squeezing his nuts, a pop princess screaming cheesy love songs, or you have Top 20 of the '70s and '80s on one of the classic rock stations (but I have never heard Joy Division or Sonic Youth on them).

Fifteen years ago I dreamed that I could play Throbbing Gristle on the air, tormenting all the perfumed bimbos and disturbing all the pseudo-rockers, hillbillies and yuppies. Then I thought that maybe I could play something with a message. I have always been attracted to counterculture. I wanted to organize a revolution through the airwaves. Have you ever stopped and thought about the manipulation to which we are subjected every day through the radio? The amount of advertisement that we have to hear? Commands such as buy this, listen to that, watch, forget, do not speak, obey.

When living in Mexico, I couldn't grasp the fact that so many people in the world were poor, sick, and starving around the globe while a few powerful men controlled all the money and corporations ruled our governments. Coup d'etats, repression, torture, wars. I dreamed that I could change all of this on the radio by exposing art and creating awareness. I wanted to show that the media could do a lot more than manipulate.

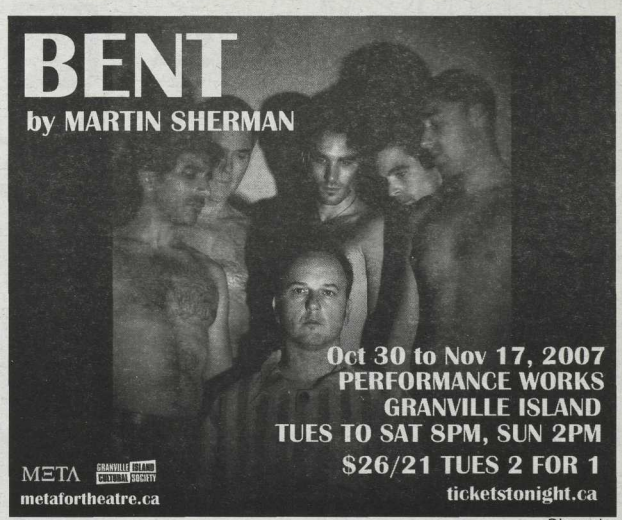
Years later I was reading poetry and doing interviews on the radio in Mexico. Then, in 1998, I came to Vancouver and did a rock show and a social issues show at co-op. I read horror stories at 96.1 in the middle of the night. But it was the punk rock show, *Ekos del Rock* in Spanish, that opened the doors to CiTR. *The Morning After Show* already existed at the time and was hosted by my co-worker, Jeremy Baker, who had started the show back in the fall of 1998 along with Paul Gullet.

"You came when we were on at midnight still. We started adding the Spanish flavoured rock and punk when you joined the show," recalled Baker. "I stopped doing the show in the spring of 2003. Then when I left, you took over."

Now, I am the director of the bilingual monthly newspaper *La Vanguardia* de Vancouver. I have published and collaborated with several different magazines, newspapers, webzines, and other publications around Canada, Mexico, Guatemala and Spain. I also sit as president on the board of directors of the Vancouver Latin American Film Festival (www.vlaff.org), which is held in September.

After nine years on the air, *The Morning After Show* maintains the tradition of giving a voice to members of our artistic community, welcoming live music in the *Morning After Sessions*, as well as promoting shows, films, demonstrations, art shows and public service announcements.

The Morning After Show airs every Tuesday from 11:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. on 101.9 FM CiTR. Visit www.myspace.com/sonicvortex for more info about the show and the bands.



SHINDIG

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER LINEUP

Nov 6th	Die Cowboy Die Greenbelt Collective Piper Davis	
Nov 13th	The SSRIs Retrofire Stolen Bicylces Gang	Semis #1
Nov 20th	JPNDRDS Treacherous Machete The Petroleum By-Products	Semis #2
Nov 27th	Winner Oct. 23 Winner Oct. 30 Winner Nov. 6	Semis #3

Tuesday, December 4th
GRAND FINALS

Plus Jokes For Beer!

Every Tuesday night, shows at 9 PM, $7
The Railway Club (Seymour/Dunsmuir)

* Bands subject to change.
For the latest schedules and results, visit:
http://www.citr.ca

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CITR CHARTS!

CiTR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Artistes with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get them. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

Strictly the dopest hits of November 2007

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	Various*	*All Your Ears Can Hear: Underground Music in Victoria 78-84*	Independent
2	Bella*	*No One Will Know*	Mint
3	Sandro Perri*	*Tiny Mirrors*	Constellation
4	The Black Lips	*Good Bad Not Evil*	Vice
5	Magik Markers	*Boss*	Ecstatic Peace!
6	Bison*	*Earthbound*	Forest
7	Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings	*100 Days, 100 Nights*	Daptone
8	Fiery Furnaces	*Widow City*	Thrill Jockey
9	Caribou*	*Andorra*	Merge
10	Jenny Omnichord*	*Cities of Gifts & Ghosts*	Independent
11	Riff Randalls*	*Doublecross*	Dirtnap
12	Bella*	*No One Will Know*	Mint
13	Sunset Rubdown*	*Random Spirit Lover*	Jagjaguwar
14	The Donnas	*Bitchin'*	Purple Feather
15	Various*	*Pop Montreal '07*	RSB
16	Beirut	*The Flying Club Cup*	Ba Da Bing
17	Hrsta*	*Ghosts Will Come and Kiss Out Eyes*	Constellation
18	Mum	*Go Go Smear the Poison Ivy*	Fat Cat
19	High On Fire	*Death is the Communion*	Relapse
20	The Weakerthans*	*Reunion Tour*	Anti-
21	Wooden Shjips	*Wooden Shjips*	Holy Mountain
22	The Cynics	*Here We Are*	Get Hip
23	Ed Askew	*Little Eyes*	De Stijl
24	Harris Newman*	*Decorated*	Strange Attractions Audio House
25	Thurston Moore	*Trees Outside the Academy*	Ecstatic
26	Vennt*	*Vennt*	Divorce
27	Stars*	*In Our Bedroom After the War*	Arts & Crafts
28	Uz Jsme Doma	*Cod Liver Oil*	Skoda
29	St. Vincent	*Marry Me*	Beggars Banquet
30	Au	*Au*	Oedipus
31	The Luyas*	*Faker Death*	Independent
32	Dupobs*	*Drop the Coin*	Independent
33	Various*	*CBC Radio 3: Breaking New Sound*	Storyboard
34	DD/MM/YYYY*	*Are They Masks?*	We Are Busybodies
35	José Gonsalez	*In Our Nature*	Mute
36	Adñan Orange and Her Band	*Adrian Orange and Her Band*	K
37	Various*	*The Sick Ones Volume One: Psychobilly Compilation*	Flying Saucer
38	New Pornographers*	*Challengers*	Last
39	Iron and Wine	*The Shepherd's Dog*	Sub Pop
40	We Are Wolves*	*Total Magique*	Dare to Care
41	Devendra Banhart	*Smokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon*	XL
42	Various	*Guilt By Association*	Engine Room
43	The Doers*	*Gaiety*	Reluctant
44	Animal Collective	*Strawberry Jam*	Domino
45	Torngat*	*You Could Be*	Alien 8
46	Clockcleaner	*Babylon Rules*	Load
47	Cloudland Canyon	*Silver Tongued Sisyphus*	Kranky
48	Bettye Lavette	*The Scene of the Crime*	Anti-
49	Trole*	*Trole*	Flying Saucer
50	Stereo Total	*Paris-Berlin*	Kill Rock Stars

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604-683-3344

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UBC, AMS, 6138 Student Union Blvd.
604-822-BIKE

Burcu's Angels
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604-874-9773

The Eatery
3431 W. Broadway
604-738-5298

Hitz Boutique
316 W. Cordova
604-662-3334

The Kiss Store
2512 Watson St.
604-675-9972

Lucky's Comics
3972 Main St.
604-875-9858

Magpie Magazine
1319 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6666

People's Co-op Bookstore
1391 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6442

Puncture Haus
2228 Broadway E.
604-708-8100

Red Cat Records
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604-708-9422

The Regional Assembly of Text
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R/X Comics
2418 Main St.
604-454-5099

Scratch Records
726 Richards St.
604-687-6355

Slickity Jim's Chat and Chew
2513 Main St.
604-873-6760

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604-688-6138

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604-488-1234

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CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	TANA RADIO		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	DEMOCRACY NOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA				ALTERNATIVE RADIO		
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALTERNATIVE RADIO	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	ARTS EXPRESS	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
2pm			REEL TO REAL				
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE / RE-BROADCAST	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm		NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE				
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING / SAINT TROPEZ	EUROQUEST	WENER'S BBQ	RACHEL'S SONG	MY SCIENCE PROJECT / PEDAL REVOLUTION	NEWS 101 / W.I.N.G.S.	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm	QUEER FM	RADIO RADIO! / RE-BROADCAST	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY / SAMSQUANCHES HIDEAWAY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT	THE CANADIAN WAY	NASHA VOLNA
7pm		KARASU			EXCUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDA		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS			
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW			LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SWEET AND HOT	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	TRANCENDANCE		CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX		SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	
11pm					LAUGH TRACKS		BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE	AURAL TENTACLES	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
1am							PASSING BINARY
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-3pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) 3-5pm
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now! Alternates with:

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm

TRANCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as you host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.
trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk) 12-2am An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS....(Eclectic) 11-12pm
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MATT & DAVE (Eclectic) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peek, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantastics and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm

RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

KARUSU (World) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time Jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.
Nov 5: "Ezz-thetics" is the title of the feature tonight by one of the great jazz masters: theorist/composer/arranger/pianist George Russell and his great group featuring alto saxophonist/bass clarinettist Eric Dolphy.
Nov 12: John Coltrane and his 'classic quartet' live at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1963. An astounding performance with Roy Haynes on drums replacing Elvin Jones. Three long works, one never before released.
Nov 19: Walt Dickerson, a vibraphone master who has been called "the Coltrane of the vibes," plays with his uartet featuring pianist Andrew Hill on an album called *To My Queen*.
Nov 26: *The Magnificent Thad Jones* accurately describes this creative and individual trumpeter, better known for his writing than his playing. As a player he was second to none. This album is a well organized date that lets Thad, tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell and pianist Barry Harris 'stretch out' and cook.

TUESDAY

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9:30am
(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!
bornsinsixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

ARTS EXPRESS (Talk) 2-2:30pm

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 3-3:30pm

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French) 3:30-4:30pm
En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le métissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm
Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic) 10-11:30am
With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonic mixmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.
planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-1pm
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 2-3pm
Independent news hosted by award-winning jounalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk)
5-6:30pm

AND SOMETIMES WHY
(Pop/Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
First Wednesday of every month.
Alternates with:
SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY
(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUICEBOX (Talk) 10-11PM
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Eclectic) 8-10am

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 10-11am

ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Eclectic) 11am-12pm

DUNCAN'S DONUTS
(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN
(Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INKSTUDS
(Talk) 2-3pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
5-6pm
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, underexposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). mysciencepojectradio@yahoo.ca
Alternates with:
PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT
(Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychadelic, Garage, Freakbeat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE
(Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)
9-11pm
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)
12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)
8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
10am-12pm
Email requests to:
djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS
(Hip Hop) 12-2pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)
2-3:30pm

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS
(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-5:30pm

W.I.N.G.S.
(Eclectic) 5:30-6pm

THE CANADIAN WAY
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
All types of Canadian independent music from all across our massive and talented country, with your host, Spike.
www.myspace.com/canadianway

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)
7:30-9pm
David 'Love' Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz)
9-10:30pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits, lost sould gems and contemporary artists recording in that classic soul style.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES
(Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
8am-12pm
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION (Punk)
12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta lowdown slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World) 5-6pm
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA
(World) 6-7pm

SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM
(Dance/Electronic)
Shadow Jugglers works across musical genres including electronic and club-based music and welcomes you to broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MP, Socool, Soo & their guests. Travel through world sounds such as dub/reggae, hip hop, funk, dubstep/grime & jungle/drum and bass. Tune in and visit myspace/shadowjugglers.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
(Hip Hop) 11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY (Electronica)
1-3am

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS

needed for our 24 Hour Rape Crisis Line and Transition House for battered women

For an interview, please call

604-872-8212

Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter

www.rapereliefshelter.bc.ca

HIGH LIGHT

Live TBirds action returns to CiTR for another season!

As the campus radio station of UBC Vancouver, CiTR 101.9 FM provides comprehensive coverage of varsity athletics during the fall, winter, and spring.

In addition to our weekly staple, CiTR SPORTS FRIDAY (6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.), CiTR broadcasts selected Saturday games featuring high-profile opponents.

This month, CiTR continues broadcasting its 2007/08 schedule of men's and women's basketball, men's hockey, as well as limited men's and women's volleyball action.

In addition, November features CiTR's continuing coverage of UBC Thunderbirds football with commentators Tyler Noble, Ryan Sullivan and Asa Rehman.

Long-time partners Daryl Wener and Doug Richards team up once again to broadcast men's basketball as UBC looks to return to the CIS Final Eight and avenge a disappointing first-round exit last spring.

Wilson Wong and Howard Tsumura front CiTR's women's basketball coverage, as the Lady Birds look to win their third national championship since 2004.

Michael Wall returns as CiTR's hockey voice, following UBC's most successful season on the ice in the past three and a half decades, while Jeff Sargeant and Claire Hanna team up to broadcast Thunderbirds volleyball.

CiTR Sports also provides ongoing reports on other UBC athletic programs with senior correspondent Jason Wang.

-Tyler Noble

CiTR Sports Director / Play-by-play announcer (football) / Studio host (basketball/hockey/volleyball)

DON'T CATCH A CHILL

At Zulu, Music Is Your Scarf. Music Is Your Umbrella.

THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN
Ire Works CD

How to describe ***Ire Works*** other than to saw it,s another blast of pure **Dillinger**? These trail-blazing math-metal visionaries are back with more of the old ultraviolence: unfathomable rhythmic density, meat-grinder guitars, and howling machine screams to strip the skin off your cyborg body. **The Escape Plan** wouldn't be at the top of the progressive metal heap, though, if all they were into was the muscle and mastery of technical show-offery. As is well-known, these fiends worship at the altar of **Patton** (even if he no longer graces them with the presence of his pipes), and they lace their assault with that particular **Bungle** brand of schizophrenic pop that'll keep you coming back.

CD 16.98

GIANTESS
s/t CD

Formerly known as Canada's "**The Battles**", **Giantess** is a blistering exercise in profundity, veering wildly from accelerated rave-ups to introspective ballads that tug at the heart (often with tongue planted firmly in cheek). **Giantess** delivers with the poetic grandeur of **Bryan Ferry** or **Graeme Downs** at their absolute peak, and with the muscle & pathos of **The Soft Boys** or **Jesus of Cool**-era **Nick Lowe**. **Giantess** is first & foremost a relationship record that relies on sentiments both ridiculously absurd & vastly astute. A British influence looms large in **Stephen Wood**'s brilliant songwriting — comparisons to **Ray Davies** & **John Lennon** are commonplace — in much the same way those pillars informed **Robert Pollard**'s forays into songs. Likewise, **Giantess**' erstwhile approach thrusts the genre forward with liberal swaths of heart, wit, warmth, melody & raw power.

CD 14.98

KEVIN KANE
How To Build A Lighthouse CD

Welcome, welcome, welcome! **Kevin**'s third solo release and first with a full band behind him recalls the glory days of this budding Kelowna-based popster! Dialing his classic **Kinks**-meets-**Nazz** pop sensibility while channeling a sense of the darker side of **Big Star**, **Kane** finally shines a little light into our melodious pop heaven as his Bongo Beat debut is really a study in classic songwriting, sublime production and delicately crafted instrumentation. With this release you get a sense that **Kevin** has come full circle to his roots as the purity of his ***September Bowl of Green*** **Grapes of Wrath** debut as these songs capture his near-magical sense of song craft. ***How to Build a Lighthouse*** is sonic bliss — cathartic absorption — amazing!

CD 14.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL NOVEMBER 30, 2007

WEEN
La Cucaracha CD

¿Tiene usted una cucaracha en sus oídos? ¿Le está haciendo danza como loco? ¿Le da las sacudidas? ¡Baile, mis amigos, y celebre! ¡Es el álbum nuevo de **Ween**! Ah, **Ween**. Rest assured, dear friends, that your favourite merry pranksters haven,t grown up a bit after 20-odd years of off-the-wall antics and brilliantly creative songwriting. Nope, this freakshow starts with a mariachi fiesta and keeps on rocking the South-of-the-border vibe with a series of progressively weirder takes on a typically diverse variety of genres, from **Pet Shop Boys**-esque synth-pop to epic prog, all in the service of digging elbow-deep into the more obscene crevices of the theme of romance. Break out the bong, **Ween**ies. The boognish abides.

CD 16.98

SIGUR RÓS
Hvarf/Heim 2CD
SIGUR RÓS
Heima 2DVD & 2DVD w/Book

While most people set up a few cameras at, say, a festival, and call it a DVD, **Sigur Rós** decided they would push the boat (bus and plane) out for their debut venture into live film, hauling 40-plus people round 15 locations to the furthest flung corners of their homeland to create something that's both an inspirational document of the band at the peak of their powers and an alternative primer for iceland the country: they visit ghost towns, outsider art shrines, national parks, small community halls and the absolute middle-of-nowhere, as well as playing the largest gig of their career (and in icelandic history) at their triumphant homecoming reykjavik show. The companion album. ***Hvarf/Heim***, is actually two records with two covers: ***Hvarf*** ("Haven" or "Disappeared") is an electric re-recording of various rarities, and ***Heim*** ("Home") is an unplugged recording of fan-favourite tunes.

2CD 16.98

HOLY FUCK
LP CD

In the spirit of **!!!**, **Out Hud**, and **LCD Soundsystem**, Toronto's **Holy Fuck** bring you krautrock-influenced electro with a live band feel. Conceived and composed while on stage and touring, LP was brought into the studio and unleashed like a beast, to be recorded live off the floor. **Holy Fuck** also use found sounds, lo-tech battery operated keyboards and children's toys to bring different sounds to each track so there's always some new surprise bursting around the corner. From opener, "**Super Inuit**", complete with tribal drums and whoops, it's a fast, frenetic and upbeat ride, pitched somewhere between an old-style rave and some sort of avant guard improvisation and experimentation. Produced by **Dave Newfeld** (**Broken Social Scene**) and mixed by **Eli Janney** (**Girls Against Boys!**), this album is the surest sign yet that (Dance) Punk's Not Dead.

CD 16.98

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM
45:33 CD

Long available only as a download from the Nike music store on iTunes, DFA Records has finally got the go-ahead to bring out the world's hippest workout mix in a physical format so you can reformat your physique while you freak the beat. Whether you're the type to tote anti-sweatshop placards or the type to line up for new dunk colorways, you can,t deny that this is some of **James Murphy**'s finest work, and further proof that nobody knows disco better, whether it's meant for the dancefloor or the treadmill. It's body music, baby, and if you're more of a brain person you can still grasp this disc with pride, knowing that its title and cover reference **John Cage**'s infamous "**4:33**" and **Manuel Gottsching**'s forgotten krautrock opus **E2-E4**. It's something for everyone, and if that still wasn't enough, how about three bonus tracks, including the previously-rare "**Freak Out/Starry Eyes**"? Jog on down to Zulu November 12th, then jog home.

CD 16.98

BABYSHAMBLES
Shotter's Nation CD

London's famous Olympic Studios is once more the center of controversy as it provided the sanctuary-like shelter for none other than UK's infamous bad-boy **Pete Doherty** and his **Baby Shambles** to do what they do best: make beautiful rock commentary on the contemporary lad culture. Written with help from **Kate Moss** and featuring the guitar work of **Strokes, Hammond Jr.** this is a much of developed listen than **Doherty**'s first **Shambles** release. "**Delivery**" takes the early **Kinks** for a ride, "**Side of the Road**" tries out the noisy whimsy of the **White Stripes**, and "**There She Goes**" shuffles a **Stray Cats** strut into a trad-jazz club. With a voice light on steady tunefulness but heavy on lower-class English charm, Mr. **Doherty** gives the songs a lot of attitudinal energy without giving them a lot of heft.

CD 16.98

VASHTI BUNYAN
Some Things Just Stick In Your Mind: 1964-1967 2CD

Many of us came to discover and love **Vashti Bunyan** through the reissue of her 1970 album ***Just Another Diamond Day***, following the ecstatic praise bestowed upon her by new-school folkies like **Espers** and **Devendra Banhart**. On the back of this new-found popularity comes ***Some Things Just Stick In Your Mind***, a compilation of early recordings that predates her folkier material. For those who know that **Bunyan**'s debut was produced and promoted by **Andrew Loog Oldham**, manager for **The Rolling Stones**, it should come as no surprise to hear that her earliest demos were compact and mainstream-friendly love songs. The first disc gathers together early single recordings (among them the **Jagger/Richards**-penned title track), while the second is the minimalist result of one hour's studio time in 1964, with only **Bunyan**'s voice and guitar present. A collector's delight! Available November 6th

2CD 16.98

THE CLIPS
Matterhorn CD

Now that they've successfully torn the roof off just about every house/warehouse party in town, The Band That Made Vancouver Dance is moving to penetrate every stereo in every house with a full-length album for all you wasted space kidz. As attendees of their packed-out shows already know, **The Clips** are equally adept at cinematic drama and giddy, bootyshaking beats. Their ambitious approach to indie-pop is as fun as it is creative, with a three-keyboard attack that recalls the streamlined pop hooks of **Spoon**, the unpretentious dancefloor grooves of **Hot Chip**, and the icy electronic soul of **Radiohead**'s more emotive output. It's a young sound for a new scene, so join the party.

CD 12.98

THE EVAPORATORS
Gassy Jack and Other Tales CD

Led by College Radio Legend personality/celeb marauder **Nardwuar the Human Serviette**, **The Evaporators** sling out one wildly infectious tune after another, luring you into their frenetic and slightly surreal world. Named after Vancouver pioneer Captain Jack Deighton who got his nickname ("Gassy") not from farting, but from talking non-stop (kinda like Nardwuar!), **The Evaporators** new release will attempt to school you the listener on such topics as how to Shake with the Shaggy Shaker, how to do the Eggbeater and why you should care about E.J. Hughes and Evatone Soundsheets! Doot doot!

CD 14.98

BURIAL
Untrue CD

BURIAL's eponymous album, which began life as a low-key release in May 2006, is now widely regarded as the benchmark release of the ever-widening dubstep genre, picking up unanimous critical acclaim along the way, and ending the year heavily featured in many best of polls. Now **Burial** returns with ***Untrue***, a new record of weird soul music, which lovingly processes spectral female voices into vaporised R&B and smudged 2step garage. Vocal lines are blurred, smeared, pitched up pitched down and pitch bent until their content is cast adrift from their original context and they whisper their saccharine sweet nothings into the void. The album continues with the debut's crackle-drenched yearning and bustling syncopations, haunted by the ghosts of rave, but also reveals some new **Burial** treats with a more glowing, upbeat energy. Available November 6th

CD 16.98

THIS STUFF WILL WARM YOU UP:

Scott Walker – And Who Shall Go to the Ball? CDEP
Atmosphere – Sad Clown, Bad Fall CDEP
Beirut – The Flying Cup Club LP
Robyn Hitchcock – various reissues CD
Vampire Weekend – Mansard Roof EP
Black Dice – Load Blown CD
David Byrne – The Knee Plays CD
The Raveonettes – Lust Lust Lust CD
Hives – The Black and White Album CD
Os Mutantes – Live CD
Wu-Tang Clan – The 8 Diagrams CD
Jay-Z – American Gangster CD
Solo and the Skyrider Band – s/t CD
Castanets – In the Vines CD
D.O.A. – The Black Spot CD
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion – Jukebox Explosion CD

ZULU ART NEWS

Brutal Attack
by T.Reilly Hodgson
photography Nov. 1-30

Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed	10:30 – 7:00
Thurs and Fri	10:30 – 9:00
Sat	9:30 – 6:30
Sun	12:00 – 6:00